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ABSTRACT

This book offers 46 children's camp stories, including stories about ghosts, adventure, other lands, humor, Indian fables, and stories with a moral. An introduction offers some background of the publication and a few tips on successful story-telling. The stories include: A Full Meal; A Fuzzy Tale; An Ameri-Indian's Ecological Lament and Prophecy; A Story With a Moral; A True Story; Climbing the Mountain; Fake Ghost Story; How the Chipmunk Got His Stripes; I Can Sleep Through a Storm; Napi and Old-Man (A Blackfoot Legend); Praying Hands; Rap, Rap, Rap; The Coffin; Scat the Cat; Taps: A Story of Two Brothers; The Bluebird, the Coyote, and the Magic Lake; The Choice; The Coin and the Cricket; The Contractor; The Deaf Man and the Traveler; The Elephant Rock; The Elephant's Child; The First Magic Moccasins; The Highwayman; The Last Escape; The Legend of Chief Cleawox; The Little Beetle; The Lost Skier; The Monkey's Paw; The Neighbors; The Peace Daughters of King Capilano; The Perfumed Lake; The Pioneers; The Scream of the Eagle; The Second Mile; The Skunk; The Spider; The Stone Crusher; The Story of the Old Ram; The Tale of the Lazy People; The Wall; The Wise Old Man; The Wolf and the Man; Trader Jim; Why the Catfish has a Flat Head; and Why the Wood Duck Has Red Eyes. (TES)

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EDITORS: **Bob Hanson, Bill Roemmich**

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STORIES FOR THE CAMPFIRE

by

Bob Hanson and Bill Roemmich

Illustrated by Jon C. Matteson

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ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

I would like to dedicate this book to three superb storytellers with whom I have had the pleasure of associating in the summer camp setting.

"Fuzzy" Winskill, program director of Boy Scout Camp Habobus in Washington State during the late 1940s, made my summer at that camp memorable. His stories were so vivid that I can still remember most of them today. While everyone else in the camp is long forgotten, I can remember "Fuzzy" as if it were only yesterday. Such is the power of a well-told tale.

Later on, when I became a camp director, two of my program directors also had captured the art of making a tale come alive...Pete Bruner at Camp Millersylvania of the Olympia YMCA and Bill Roemmich at Camp Konocti in California. To these three amazing individuals who inspired the production of this book, I would like to dedicate the effort.

Several others assisted us through providing material—the Seattle and Los Angeles YMCA's (contact them regarding their collection of cabin devotional stories), Stormy Weathers, "Scrooge" Stermon, Werner von Bergen, Bonnie Morgan, Doris Bowers, Karen Carlson, Hope Hutchinson, and Bruno Morowetz.

We are grateful for receiving permission to use three of Ernest Thompson Seton's stories from his daughter, Mrs. Dee Barber.

Finally, I would be remiss if I failed to thank my wife June for her proofreading, and Jenny Offner, our helpful and patient typist.

Happy Trails,

Bob Hanson

INTRODUCTION

The oral tradition is one of the most memorable and cherished parts of a camp program, one which is passed from camp to camp and shared through the generations. Whether a story is amusing, exciting, thought-provoking, or a blend of elements, there are few finer ways to entertain and instruct than with a well-told story set in an atmosphere of friendship and communion. Stories that have been told and re-told are no less loved and relevant today than they were for the audience of their legendary source.

The inspiration behind this collection was a desire to draw together as many of the best campfire stories as possible and spread them among the diverse camp populations of the country. Those of us who love and wish to promote camping can understand what a valuable program resource a book such as this can be, and its need is felt by the present paucity of story collections directed exclusively towards camp. And here it is important to state that we encourage each story-teller to change and develop these stories to fit his or her personal taste or the flavor of a particular camp. An oral tradition depends on change and dynamic growth to survive. Take what you like from these stories and change what, for one reason or another, you wish to change. With a few exceptions, these stories are meant to be told, not read: the inherent change that comes with each telling can only assure that these stories will last.

Our criteria for selection were several. A primary concern was to include material suitable for the outdoor atmosphere of camp: it is no coincidence that Indian stories and legends preponderate. We tried to select stories appropriate for different occasions, humorous and serious stories, stories which are lively and those conducive to meditation. We tried to allow for different levels of audience comprehension, and have collected material which we feel can apply to varied age groups. We looked for stories which have potential for dramatic delivery and individual development, which allow for any particular storyteller's own interpretation. Finally, we wanted to include stories which were thought-inspiring and instructive without being didactic or moralistic: it is a lesson well-taught by nature that important things allow themselves to be observed through subtlety, not advertising.

It is arguable that, historically, more verbiage has been expended describing the method of telling stories than has been spent on the text of stories themselves. Every storyteller of experience believes that he or she is in possession of the True Facts of the art of storytelling, and every storyteller feels compelled to articulate these facts. That there are any True Facts regarding the delivery of a story is nonsense, for any story which serves its purpose is successful. But that I, too, cannot resist my own prescription for success in storytelling is inevitable. Following are five suggestioned axioms for the storyteller.

1. **DO NOT APOLOGIZE FOR YOUR STORY.** An apology for your inexperience or embarrassment only convinces the audience in advance that what you have not yet said will not be worth listening to. If you are shy or inexperienced or unsure, the result may well be a delightful blend of sincerity in your delivery.
2. **TELL A STORY, DO NOT READ IT.** Campfire stories are personal and dramatic enterprises, not recitations. You do not have to memorize a story *verbatim*, learn the story and tell it. A very few stories in this selection are designed, through their complexity, to be read aloud, i.e., "The Old Ram," "The Elephant's Child," "The Highwayman," etc. Aside from these exceptions, stories are best when they are dramatic "happenings." Use voice inflections, overacting, gestures, etc., to give your stories energy and life.
3. **SPEAK TO THE AUDIENCE, AND TO THE ENTIRE AUDIENCE, NOT PART OF IT.** Move in front of the audience so that you have occasional eye contact with everyone. Do not speak to the ground but to the audience. If some part of the audience is inattentive, it is a temptation to avoid addressing that part: it is important to command the attention of the entire audience so that they may realize you are serious about the telling of even the most hilarious story.
4. **SELECT APPROPRIATE STORIES, AND GIVE THEM TEXTURE.** Select a story which is appropriate for establishing the mood you desire. Ask yourself, should this kind of story come at the end or the beginning of an evening program? Is this story a good one for bedtime? What will the mood of the group be after this story? Contemplative? Excited? Rowdy? Introspective? Stories, like all good programs, have a beginning, a middle, and an end; they have texture. Manipulate your narrative speed, tone, and intensity to correspond with the direction you wish your story to take.
5. **MAKE A STORY YOUR OWN SO THAT YOU MAY GIVE IT TO OTHERS:** something to consider which needs no elaboration.

If it is true that a good story does not require any introduction, perhaps it similarly follows that a collection of good stories is worse for the introduction also. Be that as it may, this introduction should stand if only for these final words: we hope that everyone enjoys these stories and shares them as they have been shared with us.

Bill Roemmich

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A Full Meal

As I was walking down the trail next to the lake one day last week, I came upon a very interesting example of nature's "survival of the fittest." An unsuspecting frog had been caught off guard by a hungry garter snake and found himself in the awkward situation of being swallowed alive.

Now the frog was much bigger around than the small snake, but as you may know, snakes can dislocate their jaws in order to allow objects larger than themselves to be squeezed into their bodies.

My first impulse was to try and save the poor, terrified frog from his horrible fate...but then I reconsidered, realizing that this was a part of the natural order of things, which man far too often has messed up. So, I decided just to watch this drama in the struggle for life faced by most animals every day.

To begin with, the snake only had a hold of one of the frog's legs and held on tight while the frog exhausted himself by his frantic efforts to escape. After about five minutes, the frog became so tired that the snake was able to get both of the frog's legs into his mouth and gradually pull the tasty morsel further and further in.

I was, meanwhile, trying hard to think of some possible escape for the frog, short of my killing the snake, who could not really be blamed for trying to survive. Suddenly a thought occurred to me. I remembered the Golden Rule, "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you." I wondered if it could be slightly modified to "Do unto others as they *do* unto you." I realized that if there was only some way to communicate this idea to the poor little frog, he might have a chance. I had heard of something called E.S.P.—extra-sensory perception—which many people believe makes it possible to communicate without words. So, I decided to concentrate on the thought as hard as I could and see what would happen. Strange as it may seem, after a minute or so the frog swirled around and caught the snake's tail in its mouth.

The two now formed a circle, and the frantic race began to see which one could swallow the other before being swallowed himself. Both were sucking and chewing away as fast as possible. Gradually both of their bodies began to disappear into the other's stomach. I stood amazed, wondering who would win the struggle. Suddenly the activity became so frantic that a cloud of dust hid the action. I took off my hat to fan away the dust cloud. When the air cleared, the ground was bare. At first, I couldn't figure out what had happened, then I realized what the outcome was...they had both swallowed the other completely at exactly the same time!

A Fuzzy Tale

Once upon a time, a long time ago, there lived two very happy people called Tim and Maggie, with two children called John and Lucy. To understand how happy they were, you have to understand how things were in those days. You see, in those days, everyone was given at birth a small, soft, Fuzzy Bag. Anytime a person reached into this bag, he was able to pull out a Warm Fuzzy. Warm Fuzzies were very much in demand because whenever somebody was given a Warm Fuzzy, it made him feel warm and fuzzy all over. People who didn't get Warm Fuzzies regularly were in danger of developing a sickness in their back which caused them to shrivel up and die.

In those days, it was very easy to get Warm Fuzzies. Anytime that somebody felt like it, he might walk up to you and say, "I'd like to have a Warm Fuzzy." You would then reach into your bag and pull out a Fuzzy the size of a little girl's hand. As soon as the Fuzzy saw the light of day, it would smile and blossom into a large, shaggy, Warm Fuzzy. You then would lay it on the person's shoulder or head or lap and it would snuggle up and melt right against their skin and make them feel good all over. People were always asking each other for Warm Fuzzies and since they were always given freely, geting enough of them was never a problem. There were always plenty to go around, and as a consequence, everyone was happy and felt warm and fuzzy most of the time.

One day a bad witch became angry because everyone was so happy and no one was buying potions and salves. The witch was very clever and devised a very wicked plan. One beautiful morning the witch crept up to Tim while Maggie was playing with their daughter and whispered in his ear, "See here, Tim, look at all the Fuzzies that Maggie is giving to Lucy. You know, if she keeps it up, eventually she is going to run out and then there won't be any left for you!"

Tim was astonished. He turned to the witch and said, "Do you mean to tell me that there isn't a Warm Fuzzy in our bag every time we reach into it?"

And the witch said, "No, absolutely not, and once you run out, that's it. You don't have any more." With this the witch flew away on a broom, laughing and cackling all the way.

Tim took this to heart and began to notice every time Maggie gave up a Warm Fuzzy to somebody else. Eventually he got very worried and upset because he liked Maggie's Warm Fuzzies very much and did not want to give them up. He certainly did not think it was right for Maggie to be spending all her Warm Fuzzies on the children and on other people. He began to complain every time he saw Maggie giving a Warm Fuzzy to somebody else, and because Maggie liked him very much, she stopped giving Warm Fuzzies to other people as often, and reserved them for him.

The children watched this and soon began to get the idea that it was wrong to give up Warm Fuzzies any time you were asked or felt like it. They too became very careful. They would watch their parents closely and whenever they felt that one of their parents was giving too many Fuzzies to others, they also began to object. They began to feel worried whenever they gave away too many Warm Fuzzies. Even though they found a Warm Fuzzy every time they reached into their bag, they reached in less and less and became more and more stingy. Soon people began to notice the lack of Warm Fuzzies, and they began to feel less warm and less fuzzy. They began to shrivel up and, occasionally, people would die from lack of Warm Fuzzies. More and more people went to the witch to buy potions and salves even though they didn't seem to work.

Well, the situation was getting very serious indeed. The bad witch who had been watching all of this didn't really want the people to die (since dead people couldn't buy salves and potions), so a new plan was devised. Everyone was given a bag that was very similar to the Fuzzy Bag except that this one was cold while the Fuzzy Bag was warm. Inside of the witch's bag were Cold Pricklies. These Cold Pricklies did not make people feel warm and fuzzy. They made them feel cold and prickly instead. But they did prevent peoples' backs from shriveling up. So from then on, every time somebody said, "I want a Warm Fuzzy," people who were worried about depleting their

(continued)

supply would say, "I can't give you a Warm Fuzzy, but would you like a Cold Prickly?" Sometimes, two people would walk up to each other, thinking they would get a Warm Fuzzy, but one or the other of them would change his mind and they would wind up giving each other Cold Pricklies. So, the end result was that while very few people were dying, a lot of people were still unhappy and feeling very cold and prickly.

The situation got very complicated because, since the coming of the witch, there were less and less Warm Fuzzies around, so Warm Fuzzies, formerly thought of as free as air, became extremely valuable. This caused people to do all sorts of things in order to obtain them. Before the witch had appeared, people used to gather in groups of three or four or five, never caring too much who was giving Warm Fuzzies to whom. After the coming of the witch, people began to pair off and to reserve all their Warm Fuzzies for each other exclusively. People who forgot themselves and gave a Warm Fuzzy to someone else would immediately feel guilty about it because they knew that their partner would probably resent the loss of a Warm Fuzzy. People who could not find a generous partner had to buy their Warm Fuzzies and had to work long hours to earn the money.

Some people somehow became "popular" and got a lot of Warm Fuzzies without having to return them. These people would then sell these Warm Fuzzies to people who were "unpopular" and needed them to survive.

Another thing which happened was that some people would take Cold Pricklies—which were limitless and freely available—and coat them white and fluffy to pass them on as Warm Fuzzies. These counterfeit Warm Fuzzies were really Plastic Fuzzies, and they caused additional difficulties. For instance, two people would get together and freely exchange Plastic Fuzzies, which presumably should have made them feel good, but they came away feeling bad instead. Since they thought they had been exchanging Warm Fuzzies, people grew very confused about this, never realizing that their cold prickly feelings were really the result of the fact that they had been given a lot of Plastic Fuzzies.

So the situation was very, very dismal, and it all started because of the coming of the witch who made people believe that some day, when least expected, they might reach into their Warm Fuzzy Bag and find no more.

Not long ago, a young woman with big hips born under the sign of Aquarius came to this unhappy land. She seemed not to have heard about the bad witch and was not worried about running out of Warm Fuzzies. She gave them out freely, even when not asked. They called her the Hip Woman and disapproved of her because she was giving the children the idea that they should not worry about running out of Warm Fuzzies. The children liked her very much because they felt good around her and they began to give out Warm Fuzzies whenever they felt like it.

The grownups became concerned and decided to pass a law to protect the children from depleting their supplies of Warm Fuzzies. The law made it a criminal offense to give out Warm Fuzzies in a reckless manner, without a license. Many children, however, seemed not to care; and in spite of the law they continued to give each other Warm Fuzzies whenever they felt like it and always when asked. Because there were many, many children—almost as many as grownups—it began to look as if maybe they would have their way.

As of now, it is hard to say what will happen. Will the grownup forces of law and order stop the recklessness of the children? Are the grownups going to join with the Hip Woman and the children in taking a chance that there will always be as many Warm Fuzzies as needed? Will they remember the days their children are trying to bring back when Warm Fuzzies were abundant because people gave them away freely?

An Amer-Indian's Ecological Lament and Prophecy

Seattle, a leader of the Suquamish Tribe, was saddened in 1854 when the U.S. proposed to buy the Pacific Northwest from Amer-Indians. But he was a realist, resigned to the inevitable, and he urged his tribesmen to move to a reservation in a speech that seems almost prophetic today. Following is a digest of an adaptation of one translation of his address to the Territorial Governor and to his kinsmen over 100 years ago.

The Great Chief in Washington sends word that if we do as he desires he will buy our land and allow us to live comfortably. When our Good Father in Washington sends word he wishes to buy our land, he asks much of us. It will not be easy, for every part of this land is sacred to us. Every pine needle, every sandy shore, every mist in the dark woods, and every humming insect is holy in our memory. The rivers are not running with just water but with the blood of our ancestors. You must remember these streams are sacred and that each reflection on the glistening water tells of experiences in the lives of our people. The murmurs of the rivers are voices of our ancestors. These rivers are our brothers. They feed us and quench our thirst; they carry our canoes.

The air is precious because it nourishes the beast, the tree, and man. It shares its spirit with all life it supports. The wind that gave our grandfathers their first breath, also receives their last. The wind must also give our children the spirit of life. Our dead never forget the beautiful earth for it is the mother of red men. Each reflection in the clear lake waters recalls happy memories to our people. The graves of our fathers are holy ground and so are these hills and these tall trees. This land is consecrated to us.

The white man may one day discover our God is the same as his. You can think you own Him as you wish to own our land but you do not. He is God of all men and His compassion is equal for the red man as for the white. This earth is precious to Him and to harm this earth is to amass contempt for its Creator. The white man's appetite may devour the earth and leave him only a desert. The graves of the white man's father and the birthright of his children are forgotten. The white man treats his mother, the earth, and his father, the sky, as things to be bought and to be ravished and plundered.

The sight of your cities pains me. There is no quiet place, no place to hear the unfurling of leaves in the spring or the rustle of an insect's wings. What is there to life if man cannot hear the cry of the whippoorwill or the arguments of the frog in the ponds at night? We prefer the sound of the wind across the surface of the lakes to the white man's city noises. Continue to contaminate your bed and you will some day suffocate in your waste. You seem to be fired by the strength of the God who brought you to this land and for some special purpose gave you dominion over our land and over us red men. That destiny is a mystery to us. How can you buy our land? When we do not own the freshness of the air and the sparkle of the water, how can we sell them to you?

The earth does not belong to man; man belongs to the earth. All things are connected as the blood which unites one family. Whatever occurs to earth befalls the sons of earth. Man did not weave the web of life; he is merely a strand in it. Whatever man does to the web, he does to himself. I am only a savage, but I do not understand any other way. You must teach your children that the ground beneath their feet is the ashes of our grandfathers. Tell your children this earth is rich with the lives of the red

man and instruct them in respecting our wonderful land. If we sell you this land, love it as we love it, care for it as we care for it, hold it as it is when you take it. Love it as God loves us all. Preserve it for your children.

A Story with a Moral

There's a summer camp near here which is on a large lake. One day the director, who is a friend of mine, sent two of his counselors, Jim and Mike, down to rebuild the pier where they tie up their sailboats. They decided that before they could get going on the project, they needed to know how long the pier was. Rather than run back to the tool shed for a measuring tape, Mike suggested that since they knew each of the planks was 10 inches wide and the slits between each of the planks was an inch, all they needed to do was count the number of planks and the number of slits and then multiply it out.

Jim agreed to the plan and said that he would count the planks if Mike counted the spaces. In a hurry to get on with the project, Mike got down on his hands and knees and began counting the slits as he crawled out toward the end of the pier. Unfortunately, he was concentrating so hard on his task that he didn't notice when he got to the end. The poor guy fell off, couldn't swim, and he drowned.

The story has a moral, of course...WHEN YOU'RE OUT OF SLITS...YOU'RE OUT OF PIER!

A True Story

Sometimes while at camp we have a great deal of fun and we laugh and kid around and play jokes on each other. But there is a different side of camp life, too: a time to be serious, and to seriously share of ourselves with others. I know that most campers are used to funny campfire stories. But tonight I wish to share something with you that is intensely personal, an experience which has drastically changed my life, and I hope that for this reason, and for many others, I will receive your attention and respect.

I haven't always been a camp counselor. At various times in my life I have held jobs as diverse as a carpenter and a teacher. But one time, just after graduating from college, I found myself with no job, less money, and things were becoming more desperate each day. I combed the dismal streets which echoed with disappointment, waking in the morning filled with hope and retiring dejectedly each evening, only to be fraught with worrisome dreams.

It was after several months of this impoverished routine that I elected a critical course which has changed my life. I applied and was accepted to become a member of the Peace Corps, a federal foundation which trains and sends volunteers to remote reaches of our globe in an effort to educate and help primitive civilizations. After several months of training, my departure day approached, and I reported to the Peace Corps headquarters in New York where I was to receive my final assignment. I went to the oppressively bureaucratic pile of offices at the appointed time, ascended several flights of polished stairs, and was startled, though concomitantly embarrassed by my superstitious fears, to find myself entering office number 1313, on the thirteenth floor. I was ushered in by a rodent-like secretary, and moments later sat face-to-face with a Mr. Caliban, who reeked of cheap cigars and his recent highly spiced lunch, a bit of which yet remained glued to his stained moustache. The enigmatic Mr. Caliban sifted through my file, occasionally lifting his eyebrows like Groucho Marx.

In college I had studied and graduated with a degree in Industrial Agriculture, and naturally, I was expecting a relevant assignment. For weeks I had dreamed of lolling through the pampas on some opulent *finca* near Buenos Aires, or perhaps counting pineapples with a nubile, native stenographic assistant on a Pacific Island paradise. It seemed, alas, that my dreams were to soon become nightmares, rushing from a flaming stable of personal despair. Mr. Caliban smoothed his greasy moustache with a satisfied pride, and with equal satisfaction announced that I was to sojourn that very afternoon to the blackest depths of the Amazon basin, 775 miles southeast from the southernmost tip of Lake Maracaibo, to attempt the first contact of civilized man with the savage Alteralma tribe, a stone-age people who mainly subsisted on taro roots; white, fat grubs dug from the earth; and the swelling pleasures of inter-tribal cannibalism. I offered some meek protestations, but Mr. Caliban grew suddenly severe. Upon receiving my transportation instructions and preparing to exit the office, something inside of me directed me to turn to Caliban and ask if I would be in any danger throughout the course of my assignment. Mr. Caliban became profoundly nervous, as if I asked an uncomfortable question. But he quickly, although the celerity of his response betrayed his insecurity, assured me that I would be absolutely safe. Glancing at my papers in the hall, I noticed with alarm that I had only twenty minutes to catch my flight to Miami where a private charter would fly me to Mexico City, from where a smaller airborne enterprise would carry me to the capitol of Panama, at which point a two-seat Cessna would labor through the air for eight hours and drop me in a swampy slash in the jungle, far from anything a 20th century man ever knew.

Interminable hours later, after flying over eight international borders, I awoke to find the small plane in a steep dive. I glanced over at the pilot, who, forehead beaded with tropical sweat, and with a maniacal grin, was plunging our craft towards the expanding carpet of the jungle below. I saw a narrow strip burned out of the jungle by aerial bombs in the distance, and it was to this that we were heading. Five minutes later, I was standing on soggy ground, my few bags at my side, while the pilot was preparing to take off. Before shutting the door, he grinned at me, as the spider grins at the fly, and slowly shook his head. The small plane barely cleared the trees, and in less than a minute, silence reigned, and I had never been more alone. I was afraid.

I found that I was a virtual prisoner inside the narrow airstrip. On all sides the jungle was an impenetrable green wall. I circled the clearing and assayed to discern some road, or path, or even a sign of human occupation. There was nothing. And then it hit me: the SILENCE. My friends, have you ever experienced silence? Pure silence? Not the kind of silence when everyone is taking a test in class or when all is quiet in the house at night. For even then there is always some slight suggestion of noise. But this was a perfect and empty silence, so blank and frightful that I could hear every cell in my body pulsing with gasping anxiety! I was trapped, I would die, and in a fit of five-minute panic I ran screaming, yes, SCREAMING around the clearing, calling upon all saints and heroes to come to my aid. There was nothing. I fell down, exhausted, and cried myself, with the bitterest of tears, to a fitful sleep.

It must have been hours later when I awoke with a convulsive start. I leaped up and took fully a minute to recall where I was and why. The equatorial sun had long set and I could see little. Again, it hit me: the cold, crawling

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...ear. My friends, have you ever seen blackness? Dark? A perfect blackness so profound that you can't see a hand inches from your eyes? I don't mean the nice dark in the house at midnight, but the terrifying, indescribable void of a world fundamentally deprived of light. Again I opened my mouth for the long scream, but it was choked at its own provenience by a sharp pain at the base of my neck. I snatched down at the cause of such woe and bloodied my hands, my own blood, with the leaking husk of *Amazonii Gigantii,* a mosquito the size of a fat hummingbird, the vampire of the jungle. Already a poisonous welt the size of an egg was rising on my neck. I fell to my knees.

I should have died there, if not for a more alarming development. In my pain I thought I observed a flicker of light off the far wall of the jungle. I whirled on one knee to discover the source of my salvation, and instead faced an Alteralma warrior: scarred, tattooed, and naked, lips drawn back against sharp, stained teeth; bow and arrow drawn back so that his arms quivered from restraining the curare-tipped arrow from piercing my heart. Instantly, the clearing was edged with torches and warriors, each one aiming a wicked, barbed shaft at my vital organs. For a hundred heartbeats the tableau was frozen. I could not move from terror, and the Alteralma seemingly could not complete that slight movement which would end my life. There was a sharp, bird-like whistle from the depths of the forest, and by command, the warriors of the Alteralma loosened their bows, though still taught, and with the tips of their arrows, they guided me deep into the forest.

I survived. After a night-long march through endless swamps, I spent, in my best though hazy estimation, two weeks held prisoner in a squalid hut, with only tepid water, raw roots, and assorted insects to eat. After a time, however, I was allowed freedom of the village. Tenderly at first, using only an invented sign-language, I began to instruct the primitive people of the Amazon in the ways of modern agriculture. They were at first wary of my suggestions, but the obvious merits of selective planting and fertilization soon offer their own proof. I was given a hut, and even seemed to be receiving some deference and respect from the tribe. But this was to end...much too soon.

One day, while instructing the women in the taro patch how to increase the productivity of each tuberous plant by spacing it appropriately from its neighbor, I witnessed a curious event. A small boy, perhaps thirteen years of age, was attempting to shoot a large fruit from a nearby tree with his child's bow and arrow. His aim was true, but on its descent, the soft fruit hit a limb, was deflected, and splashed quite completely on the top of the boy's head. My first instinct, which I always consider to be the most honest, was to laugh. I laughed, and all the women, the entire tribe for that matter, glared at me with intense hostility and rushed into the central meeting hut, where they remained, with rising angry clamor, for more than an hour.

Too late, quite too late, I suddenly recalled a passage in a government pamphlet meant to orient me to the tribes of the Amazon. Many tribes consider the chief and his immediate family to be dieties, or gods. The boy in question was the son of the chief. I had mocked him, and hence, mocking a god of the tribe, I must die.

(The narrative tempo should be progressively increased from this point.—ed.)

A frozen, strangling fear gripped at my windpipe as I realized that my choice was to flee into the loathsome forest or die at the hands of merciless revenge! I dropped my humble instruments of agriculture and, in a raging panic, leapt into the frontier of the black jungle, just one step ahead of the howling mob of savages who were hot on my trail.

I raced mindlessly through the deepening gloom of the swampy terrain, all energy concentrated in the pain of my gasping lungs and the ultimate fear in my heart. Hungry beetles feasted on my skin and needle-sharp vines, like barbed chains, seemed to hinder every stride, tearing at my worn trousers which were soon ribbons. My legs began to bleed furiously, and against all my will, the pace of my futile escape slowed to a virtual crawl. I thrashed and somehow pulled myself forward through the night with numb, torn hands, reaching for holds in the thick vegetation which everywhere proved my enemy. Every vine whipped into my flesh and each root served only to trip me into an agonizing fall. Behind me, coming closer, ever closer, I could hear the monstrous and hysterical death-howls of the warriors behind, who, familiar with the terrain, could traverse three steps for every one that I managed. I was becoming weak, my faltering lungs felt as if they were stuffed with smoldering cotton.

Fftt!!—a poisoned dart ripped past my right ear. Fftt!!—fftt!!—two more deadly shafts were released, one of which found home in my thigh, slowing me considerably. As I felt the awesome, brutal poison sneaking up my veins toward my heart, I lurched, as a seventeen-foot tree viper swung down from a limb and coiled its scaly reach around my neck, its inch-long fangs busy all the while. Fftt!—fftt—fftt—one miss, but two of the fiendish missiles struck me, one in the shoulder, one in the back. I was becoming weaker, weaker, every foul minute seemed like a pestilence of eternity...The coils and the neurotoxic poison of the viper were obscuring my vision...fftt!—fftt!—fftt!—three direct bull's-eyes around the heart... and then, the dimming haze of my eyes detected a clearing to the left...With renewed breath I plunged into the open space...plunging to my neck in reeking, sucking quicksand...As I sank, gurgle by wide-eyed gurgle, I saw with fear and trembling a swarm of rotten-toothed crocodiles leave a slimy perch on the edge of the quicksand and slither towards me. The savages had arrived and each had leveled his deadly bow towards a target growing smaller and smaller...As the muck reached my mouth, in an hysterical, agonized memory, I envisioned Mr. Caliban sitting in his office, and I knew that when he assured me that I would be in no danger, he had been lying to me... just as I have been lying to you...all night long.

—Bill Roemmich

Climbing the Mountain

(We wish to thank Julia M. Seton for permission to use this story from her book, *Trail and Camp-Fire Stories,* published by Willing Publishing Company, San Gabriel, California.)

Afar in our dry Southwestern country is an Indian village, and nearby is a high mountain towering up out of the desert. It was considered a great feat to climb this mountain, so all the boys of the village were eager to attempt it.

One day, the Chief said: "Now, boys, you may all go today and try to climb the mountain. Start right after breakfast, and go each of you as far as you can. Then when you are tired, come back; but let each one bring me a twig from the place where he turned."

Away they went, full of hope, each feeling that he surely could reach the top.

Soon a fat, pudgy boy came slowly back, puffing and sweating. He stood before the Chief, and in his hand he held out a piece of cactus.

The Chief smiled and said, "My boy, you did not reach the foot of the mountain; you did not even get across the desert."

An hour later a second boy returned. He carried a twig of sagebrush.

"Well," said the Chief, "you reached the mountain's foot, but you did not even start the climb."

After another hour, a third boy came back. He held out a cottonwood spray.

"Good," said the Chief, "you got up as far as the springs."

A longer wait—and there came a boy with some buckthorn. The Chief smiled when he saw it, and spoke: "You were climbing. You were up to the first slide rock."

Later in the afternoon, one arrived with a cedar sprig, and the old man said: "Well done, my boy. You went halfway up."

An hour afterwards, one came with a branch of pine. To him the Chief said: "Good; you went to the third belt. You made three-quarters of the climb. Keep on trying. Next year you will undoubtedly reach the top."

The sun was low when the last returned. He was a tall, splendid boy of noble character; all knew he was marked for high emprise. He approached the Chief and held up his hand. It was empty. But his countenance was radiant as he spoke: "My father, there were no trees where I got to—I saw no twigs, no living thing upon the peak. But far and away I saw the shining sea."

Now the old man's face glowed, too, as he said aloud, and almost sang: "I knew it! I knew it when I looked upon your face. You have been to the top. It is written in your eyes and rings in your voice; it is vibrant in your frame. My boy, you need no twigs for token; you have felt the uplift, you have seen the glory of the mountain."

Fake Ghost Story

Build up a thrilling ghost story something after this fashion: The night was dark and cold. A drizzling rain was falling. It was near midnight and Jack and Sue were returning from a friend's home where they had enjoyed a party. As they drove along the lonesome road, the engine of the car sputtered and the car stopped. One look at the meter told Jack they were out of gas. He had forgotten to get some earlier in the evening and now here they were miles from a gas station and not a building in sight except a dark, foreboding-looking house across the road.

Jack got out of the car and rang the doorbell. There was no answer. He tried the doorknob and the door opened. Thinking there might be a telephone inside he stepped into the hallway. A heavy wind blew the door shut with a slam. In searching for the phone, Jack fell over a chair and hit his head on a table, knocking him out.

Sue waited awhile and when Jack didn't reappear she tried the door and she too entered the house calling to Jack. Thinking she heard him upstairs she went to the second floor, using a tiny flashlight she had in her pocketbook. Then she heard the shuffling of feet near her, called Jack's name, and when no answer came, she screamed.

For the first time she realized that this was the famous haunted house. Jack came back to consciousness just in time to hear Sue's scream. He got to his feet and hurried upstairs to Sue's side. The shuffling feet kept coming, but neither Jack nor Sue could see anything. They kept backing away into the long hall. The shuffling feet kept coming closer and closer. They finally bumped against a wall and knew that they were at the end of the hall. The shuffling feet kept coming, and now there seemed to be a group of shuffling feet. Closer and closer they came.

Jack fumbled around the wall and finally felt a doorknob. He opened it and dragged Sue in with him. However, he could not shut the door. Some unseen power seemed to hold it open. The shuffling feet seemed to be coming through the door. Jack and Sue backed away. Again a wall and again a doorknob. The door was opened and they stepped through only to find themselves trapped in a closet. The shuffling feet now seemed to fill the room. There seemed to be no hope.

Jack began to feel around for something familiar with which to fight. Suddenly his hand touched a familiar instrument. "It's a drum," he whispered to Sue. "That's great," shouted Sue. So they picked up the drum and beat it.

How the Chipmunk got his Stripes

(Ed. Note: *This story is a riot when overplayed, and all actions performed by the storyteller: sound effects, a comically overdramatic voice can capture and enchant any audience.)*

A long, long time ago, even before we can imagine, the chipmunk, that friendly fellow who today scampers around with such energy, had no stripes. Wizzy-Wakki had no stripes, but he was the last chipmunk that didn't have them, for it was because of him that all his ancestors are striped with tan, and white, and dark, dark brown. Here

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is how it happened.

One day, Wizzy-Wakki woke up in his deep burrow, climbed up into the sun, and the warmth of the sun just made him feel *sooooo* good that he stretched and he stretched until he fell down with the pleasure of it all. Now, Wizzy-Wakki was a very mischievous chipmunk; he absolutely worshipped the idea of playing practical jokes on other animals. And what made his jokes so very very special was that in those days, chipmunks had magic powers, bestowed on them by Wocanda, the Great Spirit, which allowed them to change themselves into any shape or form that they desired. So it was that Wizzy-Wakki just tickled himself to death! When off in the distance, near a blueberry patch, he espied none other than Nahawk, the Bear, who with big swinging armfuls, and much intensely satisfied noise, was reaping bushels of berries into his huge mouth. "Narrharruh! Eugarrr!" was the sound of Nahawk as he fed on the shrubs. It was a well-known fact among the intelligencia of the forest that Nahawk must have been up some creek when the brains were handed out. Meanwhile, Wizzy-Wakki was giggling as he dreamed up some prank to pull on the Bear. Suddenly, it came to the mischievous chipmunk: Wizzy-Wakki changed into an Indian warrior ten feet tall. In this disguise he crept up to Nahawk and slyly took a piece of chalk from his medicine bag. Wizzy-Wakki marked a bull's-eye on the *(cough, cough)* BEHIND of the Bear. Retreating several feet, Wizzy-Wakki wound up his leg and rushed forward, planting a kick on the behind of Nahawk which lifted the Bear deep into the blueberry thicket. Nahawk bellowed with a furious howl of surprise, and before the Bear could see him, Wizzy-Wakki changed himself back to a chipmunk, ran with hysterical giggles back to the entrance of his burrow, and dived inside. Wizzy-Wakki giggled in his burrow all night. Nahawk lay in the thicket all night, morosely and suspiciously munching berries until he fell asleep.

The next morning Wizzy-Wakki woke up with a giggle, as chipmunks always do, but, remembering Nahawk, this time he peered carefully out of the opening of his burrow before venturing out to perform his calisthenics. Right in the middle of a double-knee-twister-supreme, Wizzy-Wakki just had to tickle himself to death because, there, not a hundred yards away, Great Nahawk the Bear was gorging his ample potbelly with armfuls of berries, occasionally glancing behind him. "Garblurbleblublebulsnort," was the happy feeding noise of Nahawk. It was common talk in the forest that the Bear was never known for his dining manners. Wizzy-Wakki shrieked with giggles and launched an immediate plan: changing himself into an immense Indian warrior, Wizzy-Wakki stealthily approached the munching Bear and, marking an "X" on a secret part of the Bear's anatomy, Wizzy-Wakki charged his leg with glee and smacked a boot on the *(cough, cough)* BEHIND of Nahawk that lifted the Bear in a double somersault. Wizzy-Wakki swiftly changed himself into a chipmunk and tore across the meadow, diving into his burrow; but this time, Nahawk peeled a splotch of berries from his eye as he lay in a bellyflop of dust, and he saw the curious scampering form dive into the ground.

Very, very, very late that night, Wizzy-Wakki was rolling in his burrow, inventing jokes, one-liners, and monologues to lay on his chipmunk friends. And that night, the same night, Nahawk furtively snacked on blueberries, with ever a watchful eye.

The next day, my friends, Wizzy-Wakki awoke with a giggle, and he was just so enchanted with the idea of another day and more jokes to play that he stretched and he stretched and did his calisthenics with more glee than ever. But today, more cautiously than ever did Wizzy-Wakki crawl and peer up the channel of his burrow, more cautiously than ever did he emerge, and with nothing but excited joy did the chipmunk spy none other than Nahawk the Bear, who was feasting his fat face on, oh, my friends, bodacious bunches of berries. Wizzy-Wakki took note of both position and trajectory. Already his comedic projectile was launched. He cleverly changed himself into a huge and powerful warrior and snuck through the grass... Wizzy-Wakki let more than a few muffled giggles slip through his fingers as he drew a set of prehistoric fingerprints out of his medicine bag and proceeded to daub the Mark of Zorro on a peculiar area of the great Bear's physique. Torquing his leg back into several hundred foot pounds beyond its recommended capacity, the mischievous chipmunk fired an awesome blast of the foot into the BEHIND of the Bear...and at this point, Wizzy-Wakki again changed himself into his usual form and raced back towards the safety of his burrow. "AAHHOOOOOGAH!" raged the Bear, and Nahawk fled in pursuit, for this time, Nahawk the Bear was ready for attack, and he strode swiftly towards the escaping shape of the chipmunk. Wizzy-Wakki raced and raced, but for every twelve strides he managed the great Bear took one; with a mere yard to go, Wizzy-Wakki broad-jumped the final distance, flying through the air...but just before the shape of the chipmunk dived into the safety of the hole, the savage claws of Nahawk pinned Wizzy-Wakki to the edge of the burrow, holding him there for the inevitable kill.

My brothers and sisters (*sob sob, sniffle, sniffle*), oh we could dwell endlessly on the sad end of Wizzy-Wakki... but there is no need for that! For Wocanda, who had witnessed the pranks of the chipmunk from time immemorial, stepped down and held the claws of Nahawk, and thus the Great Spirit spoke:

"Wizzy-Wakki, you have learned by this that teasing and pranks are not proper for we who live on earth; you are guilty of pride before your fellows, and to remind you and your eternal offspring of this, forever shall you wear the claws of Nahawk on your backs: for the claws of the Bear have allowed the tan of sandstone, the white of chalk, and the dark brown of loamy soil to enter your skin: so shall this message be expressed. And you, Nahawk, live peacefully with the chipmunk, for he is now your brother, and shall evermore warn you of danger."

And so it is, my friends, that the great Bear and the chipmunk are also friends and so it is, too, that the chipmunk wears stripes. For since the days of Wizzy-Wakki, chipmunks have been striped and have laughed and giggled and have been just absolute masters of calisthenics and jokes, and have tried very very very VERY hard to instruct Bears in the giggly fine art of a sense of humor.

I Can Sleep Through A Storm

Sam Cooke looked up from under the tractor he was fixing to see a middle-aged, well-built man standing there quietly waiting for him. To Sam's inquiry the stranger gave his name as Bill Jeffers—his business, handyman. He was inquiring about the "Handy Man Wanted" sign on Sam's gate.

Sam needed a helper, but he wanted to be sure he got a good one, so he asked the stranger, "What can you do?"

The reply, "I can sleep through a storm," didn't make sense and sounded as though this man might be a little on the "cracked" side. Repeated questions brought only the same answer, calm and direct, "I can sleep through a storm."

Impatiently Sam Cooke expressed his misgivings about hiring Jeffers by telling him that there was another man applying for the job, and to come back next Saturday to see if it was still open.

Saturday morning Jeffers was on hand early, inquiring about the job which he knew wasn't filled because the sign was still on the gate. The interview was the same as before, with "I can sleep through a storm" being Jeffers' only answer. By this time Sam was desperate for a helper, so he hired the man on a trial basis.

In the weeks that followed Sam was to find that Bill Jeffers was the best worker he had ever seen. Whatever needed doing got done, and well; and both men were pleased with the arrangement. The farmer was willing to forget that his hired man talked a little "peculiar" when asked what he could do.

Then one night came the storm. Lightning had been flickering on the horizon when they went to bed, but when Sam awoke about midnight the storm was almost on them. He quickly pulled on his clothes and went to the hired man's room to wake him so that together they could put the farm in shape for the storm, see that the doors were closed, the tractor covered, the livestock inside, and a number of other things.

Pound as he might on Bill's door, there was no response, and Sam angrily went rushing out to put the place in shape, muttering about his stupidity in hiring a man you couldn't waken when you needed him most, resolving to fire him in the morning.

When Sam got to the barn all the doors were already closed, the tractor was indoors, the livestock was all bedded down; everything was all set. As he slowly undressed after his unnecessary trip around the farm in the rain, Sam Cooke at last knew what his hired man meant by "I can sleep through a storm." Jeffers did his work so well and so thoroughly that he did not need to worry in time of storm. He knew that everything was all right.

If we live our lives the same way, the storm times will never bother us, because we will be ready for them.

Napi and Old-Man: A Blackfoot Legend

Many years ago, there was a period of time which the Blackfoot call the Dog Days, because this was before the white men arrived on the continent, before the arrival of the horse, and native dogs were employed to pull the Indians' travois. All was well and fruitful among the tribes of the vast north, and everywhere peace was the word by which life could be judged. Daily praises were sung to Napi, or Old-Man, who was the spiritual father of the Blackfoot and whose wisdom and power were unsurpassed even by the greatest warrior or the most ancient sage. For it was Napi who had blown the first breath into the People and who had bade them progress and multiply in peace.

But there was one old brave among the People who was mischievous and a trickster, who loved playing jokes on the tribe and the animals of the forest. Indeed, so pleased was this brave with himself that he even took the name of Old-Man, the name of Napi. He would play a joke on someone, and, chuckling in the aftermath of his prank, laugh to himself: "Whooee! Who can match me, Old-Man, in my cunning and in my tricks?"

One day this fellow was far from home, hunting an elusive deer. His luck being poor and his skills dimmed by his growing years, he found himself tired, discouraged, and very very hungry. He saw then in the distance a framed hut covered with white skins, perched on a hill which afforded a fine view of the horizon in each direction. Old-Man thought to himself that he would seek shelter and food at this dwelling. Upon reaching the door of the hut, he called out, and a thin but strong voice invited him to enter. Although from the outside the hut was small, once Old-Man stepped in, he saw that he must have been deceived, for the inside expanse of the dwelling was immense: there were no walls, and one end of the home was filled with moonlight, while the other was waking to the light of a new sun. When entering, Old-Man saw a tall, thin figure at the hearth which turned to him, searching the visitor's eyes with eyes of ancient and tender wisdom. Old-Man said, "My friend, I am tired and hungry. Perhaps you could feed and shelter me for the night." At which his host long observed him, and with a sly laugh replied, "My friend, little could give me greater pleasure."

At this, Old-Man saw his host take down from the wall a pair of white medicine leggings, fringed with blackest porcupine quills. The host swiftly strapped them on his legs and motioned for Old-Man to follow. Once out on the sloping prairie, the host looked long at the sky, and suddenly flames burst out of the grass where the fringes of his leggings touched it, and out of the flames a cow buffalo flew, and the host shot it with his bow. That night there was little talk but much meat. As Old-Man lay in a fitful sleep, he could think of little else but the magic medicine leggings which were hung on the wall above his head. "What greatness would be mine," he thought, "if they were mine." Resolving himself, and not without a bit of guilt, Old-Man rose up, and taking the leggings with him, he fled out of the lodge.

He ran and he ran; all night long he ran. At last, seeing the glow in the eastern horizon, Old-Man crawled into a chokecherry thicket. He placed the leggings in a roll under his head and fell asleep. When he awoke he was amazed, dumbfounded, and confused! He was still in the lodge of his host! There was no thicket, and no open meadow, but only the warm floor and the high ceiling of the lodge. "It must be a dream," he thought, and he chided himself for allowing a dream to be so real. And yet, how could a dream explain the pain in his well-traveled legs? Old-Man decided to remain another night in the lodge of his host and obtain the leggings.

That night, Old-Man waited until his host was sound asleep, and then very, very quietly, he reached up and grabbed the leggings off the wall. He left the lodge and ran and he ran...all night long he ran, until the sun had risen, until noon was approaching. At last, unable to continue farther, Old-Man placed the leggings under his head in the midst of a chokecherry thicket, and fell into a deep sleep. Imagine his disbelief, imagine his shock, when once again he awoke in the lodge of his host! Old-Man jumped

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up and swore, cursing the pain in his legs. "Again I must have dreamed!" he shouted, and swearing in the name of all that is sacred, he vowed to possess the leggings that night or be forever disgraced by his own heart.

That day, Old-Man's host again took his guest to the plains and, donning the white leggings, set a swath of brush afire, out of which jumped a buffalo. The host shot the buffalo and again, that night, there was much meat, and it was good. This display only served to quicken Old-Man's desire to possess the leggings.

Old-Man waited until he was positively sure that the host was sound asleep. Quietly, with no whisper other than that of the slightest wind, Old-Man stealthily crept up to the wall and removed the leggings. He stole out of the lodge and ran as he had never run before: he ran and he ran and he ran, all night long and all day long he ran until a second day's sun was beginning to set. Even then, exhausted, Old-Man forced himself awake, making sure that he was not the victim of some dream, before he finally crawled into a chokecherry thicket and fell fast asleep.

As a third day's sun was slowly rising, Old-Man awoke and found his eyes open again to the ceiling of his host's lodge. Jumping up, Old-Man looked around and screamed in dismay. He heard a deep, sincere laugh behind him and turned to see his host looking at him, then looking at the leggings which were rolled into a pillow on the floor of the lodge. All was silent until the host spoke.

"Old-Man, you have constructed your life out of mischiefs and deceits, you have not yet learned in all your years that the object of your jokes has always been yourself. For I am Napi, your guide and your father, and the father of your People. Had you listened to me in the winds of the forest and the voices of the streams, you would have early learned that you cannot flee from my lodge with my magic of fire and life. For the walls of my lodge are the boundaries of the wilderness, and the floor of my lodge is the earth itself, and the ceiling of my lodge is the sky which everywhere shelters the lives and destinies of men. The earth has no greed and no mischief, only men. Learn from this lesson and depart back to your People in good spirits and good health."

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Praying Hands

Albrecht Durer, the artist who painted "Praying Hands," was the son of a Hungarian goldsmith who was born in Nuremberg, Germany. He was obliged to work at his father's trade while he was a young man because of a very large family and lack of money. He always wanted to draw and paint. Finally, he was allowed to leave home and went to study with a great artist.

Because he was very poor, it was hard for him to study and make a living at the same time. During these days of struggle, Albrecht (Albert) Durer found a friend, a man somewhat older than himself, who also had a desire to become a great artist. The two of them decided to live together, and one day when the struggle to earn enough food had discouraged both of them almost to the point of giving up their dreams, Albert made a suggestion.

"This way of working and trying to study," he said, "is intolerable. We are neither making a living nor are we mastering our art. Let us try another way. One of us can make a living while the other continues to study. Then, when the paintings begin to sell, the one who has worked may have his chance."

"True," answered Albert's friend, thoughtfully, "but let me be the one to work in the restaurant. I am older and I have not so much talent. You must not waste your years. Let it be as I say."

So the older man had his way. Albert Durer worked faithfully to master his art while his friend worked at any kind of labor he could find to buy them food and to pay for their little room. He served in the restaurant, washing dishes and scrubbing floors to add to the small sum he was paid. His hours were long and the work was menial and hard, but he did it cheerfully because he was helping his young friend. He looked forward to the time when he would be able to use his brush again.

At last the day came when Albert Durer came home bringing the money which he had received for the sale of a wood carving. It was sufficient to buy food and to pay their rent for a considerable length of time.

"Now," he said, "the time has come when I will be the breadwinner, and you shall go to your paints, my friend. You need no longer work. I will take care of both of us."

So his friend left his serving and dishwashing and scrubbing and took up his brush. But something had happened in those days during which he had worked so hard with his hands. The hard work had stiffened his muscles, enlarged his joints, and twisted his fingers so that they could no longer hold the brush with mastery and skill. He worked long and hard, only to find that his art would have to be sacrificed forever.

When Albert learned what had happened to his friend, he was filled with sorrow. Of course, he would always care for him and give him a friend's love, but he could not give him back his skill.

One day Albert returned to his room unexpectedly and heard the voice of his friend in prayer. He entered softly, and seeing the work-worn hands folded reverently, a great thought came to him.

"I can never give back the skill of those hands, but I can show the world the feeling of love and gratitude which is in my heart for his noble deed. I will paint his hands as they are now, folded in prayer, and the world shall know my appreciation for a noble, unselfish character. It may be that when people look at the picture they will remember with love and devotion all hands that toil for others and, like me, express in some beautiful way their appreciation for such service."

Rap, Rap, Rap

Jim and Pete were brave young men, like most of you here listening tonight. They thought it would be fun to prove to their friends and families just how brave they were. After discussing several different ways of accomplishing this, Jim said, "Why don't we spend a night in the old Harper House?" Most folks in the town were convinced that the long-abandoned Harper House was haunted. Pete was a little bit nervous about the idea, but didn't want to let on, so he readily agreed to the plan.

The next Saturday afternoon, the boys packed up their sleeping bags, flashlights, and some snacks and headed down the road to where the Harper House stood, far from any of its neighbors. As they drew close to the house, they noticed that most of the windows were knocked out and that the house had a very eerie look to it. Both boys were a bit nervous as they walked up the dilapidated steps to the front door. It swung open to reveal a front room rull of cobwebs and broken-down furniture. Several boards on the floor were missing or broken, exposing the black depths of the cellar below. As they explored the main floor, each was just about ready to call the venture off, but neither wanted to suggest it, lest he be called "chicken."

By now it was nearly dark, so they decided to crawl into their sleeping bags over near the front door and eat some of their food. As they lay there talking and trying to sound brave, three or four bats flew in through broken windows and swerved just above their heads. As the light faded, they huddled closer and closer together, jumping just a bit whenever the wind slammed a shutter, or the old house creaked.

It seemed like hours before they became tired enough to fall off to sleep. When they were about half asleep, both were shocked to hear a loud "rap, rap, rap" coming from upstairs. Their first thought was to run home, but then they thought of the ridicule they would have to take from their brothers and sisters, so they decided to stick it out. About ten minutes later, they heard it again...RAP, RAP, RAP.

Pete suggested that they take their flashlights and go see if they could locate the source of the noise. Jim agreed, so in a flash they were on the old spiral staircase leading to the upstairs. As they were searching the second floor, they heard the strange noise again, this time louder...RAP, RAP, RAP. They could tell that it was coming from the attic. Up the final flight of stairs they went...their knees shaking so furiously they could scarcely walk. There were two rooms in the attic. As they looked into the one on the left, all they could see were some boxes, broken glass on the floor, and lots of spider webs. Just then, they heard it again...very loud now...RAP, RAP, RAP. They knew it was in the room across the hall. Frightened as they were, they felt almost compelled to go on. They had to know what was making the unearthly sound. As they looked into the final room, they noticed their flashlights were beginning to fade. At first they couldn't see anything, and then they noticed a closet at the far side of the room. The door was stuck, but finally opened with a jerk, exposing several shelves. They knew that whatever it was making the strange noise had to be on one of these shelves. The lower shelves were empty except for some strange looking old shoes and lots of dust. The top shelf was too high to see, so Pete, being the taller, volunteered to put his hand up and feel around. Just as he did so, once more they heard the eerie RAP, RAP, RAP coming from the top shelf. Pete grabbed the source of the sound and threw it to the floor so that he could smash it. Do you know what it was? Why, only a package of wrapping paper!

The Coffin

NOTE: This story is very similar to "Rap, Rap, Rap," only instead of a rapping noise, they hear a strange moan. After tracking it down they discover a coffin, which proceeds to come after the boys...rolling down the stairs and out the front door. As they run down the street, the coffin gets closer and closer...moaning and groaning and creaking as it closes in on them. Just when they think their lungs will burst and their legs collapse, they spot a light a little further down the road. Somehow they manage to reach the front door of what turns out to be an all-night pharmacy before the evil coffin catches them. They rush up to the counter, slam down 25¢, and shout out... "quick, give us a package of cough drops—to stop the coffin."

Scat The Cat

Scat was just an ordinary cat. He was a gray cat—and that was his problem! He did not like being just ordinary. He thought gray was such a dull color! But Scat also had a magic power—he was able to do something about it. He could change his color!! What a fantastic thing to be able to do! And that is exactly what he decided had to be done.

Now, every time he changed his color, this is what he said:

"I'm Scat the Cat.
I'm sassy and fat.
And I can change my color,
(snap fingers) Just like that!"

(The children are encouraged to say this refrain every time Scat changes his color as signaled by the dialogue of the story and the leader. It would be advisable at this point to have the children repeat this rhyme a couple of times with you before continuing.)

Scat sat down in the grass feeling very unhappy with himself to decide what color he should be. "I know," he said, "I'll be green—just as green as the grass and as green as the leaves on the trees around me." And so he said: "I'm Scat the Cat," etc. *(Children join in each time Scat changes his color.)* And just like that—he was a green cat. He was very pleased with his new color and wanted all his friends to see how fine he looked. Much nicer than they, he thought. He sent invitations to all inviting them

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to a party. Of course, the other cats were delighted to have a party, but when they arrived at Scat's backyard, they just couldn't see him anywhere.

"Where are you, Scat?" they called. "We've come to your party."

"Here I am," Scat answered, but because he was the same color as the grass, they couldn't see him, and they all went home feeling angry about the trick which they thought Scat had played on them. Scat was unhappy, too.

"If they cannot see me," he thought, "then green is not such a good color." He looked up at the sky and decided, "Yes, that's it, I'll be blue, as blue as the sky above." And so he said: "I'm Scat the Cat," etc.

He walked down to the pond to see how he looked as a blue cat. Much to surprise, when he looked into the water, he could not see himself at all.

"I know I'm here," he said, and leaned farther over. He still could not make out his reflection, of course, because he was just as blue as the water. Ker-splash! Scat fell in! And if you know anything about cats, you know that they do not like to go swimming.

Well, Scat could not swim at all and called loudly for help. "HELP! HELP! Come and save me, I'm drowning!"

The other cats rushed down to the pond when they heard the call for help, but when they got there, guess what? They still couldn't see him. And away they went again.

It was a good thing that a turtle was just coming up from the bottom of the pond. Scat landed right on his back and was carried safely to shore.

Poor Scat! You never saw such a sad animal. He shook himself off, and feeling very tired, he decided to curl up and take a nap right beside the road. He didn't have enough strength to go back home. As he was falling asleep, he thought it would be best to be a different color.

"I'll be orange," he said sleepily. "Orange is such a bright color, everyone will see me now." Then he said, "Im Scat the Cat," etc. Then he fell asleep curled up in a tight little ball. He certainly was easy to see!

Two boys were walking down the road kicking stones as they talked. One boy kicked Scat! He thought he was a ball, an orange ball. The boys were so surprised when the "orange ball" let out a yell and jumped in the air, that they ran off not believing what they saw. Even orange was not a good color, so Scat said, "I'm Scat the Cat," etc.

What color was he now? He chose yellow, as yellow as the bright sun. Not knowing where to go now, Scat wandered off and soon found himself in a jungle. The trees were very close together and strange noises were coming from behind him. Scat began to be frightened. "Where am I?" He had gone too far from home, farther than he had ever been before.

Suddenly, from behind a tree, a lion roared and jumped at him! "How dare you be a yellow cat!" he roared. "Don't you know that I'm king of the jungle, and only lions can be yellow cats? You had better change your color, or I'll eat you up."

Scat needed no more warning than that. He turned around and ran out of the jungle as fast as he could, and while he was running, he said, "I'm Scat the Cat," etc. And just as quickly as that, he was a red cat.

When he reached his yard, he sat down on the grass among the flowers, exhausted and out of breath. He was so tired that he couldn't move. Around him were flowers of many bright colors. Along came a bee. "Buzz, buzz." It landed right on Scat's nose!

"Yeoooooow!!!" yelled Scat. The bee had thought Scat was a flower. His nose blew up like a giant red balloon. He hurt so bad! "This is certainly not a good color, either," he said. "But what color is there left to be? I know," said Scat, "purple is a lovely color. I'll be a purple cat. Nothing could possibly happen to me as a purple cat." And so once again he said, "I'm Scat the Cat," etc.

He wanted to show off his beautiful new color, and seeing some of his friends, he asked them over to play. His nose stuck way up in the air, and he was filled with a feeling of being very special and important. But instead of his friends admiring him, they started to laugh. They laughed so hard that they rolled over and over in the grass.

"You're the silliest cat we ever saw. Whoever heard of a purple cat?"

Scat felt so ashamed that he started to cry. He thought of all the colors he had been and how much trouble they had caused him, and he decided for the last time to change his color once again. This time, though, as he said the magic words, he knew that he would never again use this power. "I'm Scat the Cat," etc. And he became the color that nature had intended him to be, a gray cat. And from that day to now, Scat was a much happier cat.

Taps: A Story of Two Brothers

The story which I wish to share with you tonight comes to us from the history of our own country. Just over a hundred years ago, the United States was drawn into a terrible war with itself—a Civil War which led the northern states against the south, a struggle which divided our country and robbed it of the strength of solidarity.

It happened that the call to war descended upon a small town surrounded by farms and peaceful ranches. On one of these ranches lived a family of two sons and their father and mother. Life had been idyllic and productive for the four until the word spread that war had at last broken out between the north and the south. The mother and the father were both too old to actively participate in the war, but each son felt required to take a side and become a soldier. Their beliefs were strong, and equally strong were their feelings of love for each other. Nevertheless, after a week of dicussion and debate, both brothers left home to join the war, one fighting for the south and one for the north.

It was several years later, toward the climax of the struggle, when every citizen of the country had recognized the tragedy which the Civil War had become. The younger brother was bivouacked with his platoon of Union soldiers in a field near Charlottesville, North Carolina. It was a crisp autumn night, and as the young man had drawn guard duty, he shouldered his rifle and posted himself near a large rock on the edge of the encampment. It had taken some time, but the young man had eventually become a good soldier, learning to confuse the boredom of danger with courage. On this particular night, he gave himself over to memories of his family and the solitude of the full moon. He thought of his family, his brother whom he had not seen for two years, and most of all he dwelled on the horror and meaninglessness of war. Although the Union Army was on its way to victory, more and more the young man had come to feel that in any war there could be no victor, only losers on both sides of the line; war was too awful to allow either side to escape unharmed.

As the moon moved across the sky and the September stars swirled, the young soldier dozed in his reflections. A sudden but slight noise drew him awake, and the sixth sense of survival focused on the source of the noise. He saw a bush sway, and then the shadow of a human figure diving into the shelter of another bush fifty feet away.

"Who's there?" he cried. Silence. The young man heard a muffled click of metal, and quickly raising his own rifle, he fired twice into the darkness. There was no response, only the echo of hollow gunfire fading in the flat valley. He waited, then cautiously approached the bush. Seeing a

sprawled form on the ground, he turned the body and stared into the paling face of his brother, whom he had helplessly and unwittingly killed.

The younger brother's grief was immense. He cradled his brother's body in his arms and wept until dawn. There were no explanations and no answers, no excuses and no pardons, only the guaranteed tragedy allowed to men who prescribe war as a remedy.

As the yellow shadows grew and the first sunlight spread over the valley, the surviving brother left the battlefield forever. Before he left his only brother's side, he wrote some words which have come down to us as a cry for peace, a song called "Taps." We all know the tune, and now let me teach you the words:

Day is done
Gone the sun
From the hills
From the lake
From the sky
All is well
Safely rest
God is nigh.

Perhaps if we sing this song together softly, the night will descend upon us and those who shall follow us will maintain a peace which will always be victorious.

The Bluebird, the Coyote, and the Magic Lake

Long, long ago, the bluebird was drab and ugly—not the beautiful blue color he is now. One night the Dream Spirit spoke to him in a dream. He told the bluebird how he could change his color. Far away near the mountains, he said, there was a magic lake of beautiful blue water. The lake had no inlet or outlet, so the water was always the same deep blue color.

"Go to the blue lake," said the Dream Spirit, "and bathe in its water four times each morning until the fifth morning."

While he bathed, the Dream Spirit said the bluebird was to sing this song:

"I went in, I went in.
It is blue water, it is blue,
It is blue water, it is blue.
I am now blue.
I am now blue."

So, the bluebird went to the lake of blue water and did everything exactly as the Dream Spirit had told him to do. On the fourth morning all his feathers dropped off and the bluebird came out of the water perfectly naked.

On the fifth morning, as he began to bathe and sing, new feathers started to grow. By the time the bluebird had finished his bath he was completely covered with a beautiful new coat of fine blue feathers, which he has worn ever since.

Now the coyote was bright green in those days. He had been hiding in the grass all this time, waiting for a chance to catch the bluebird and eat him. But on the fifth morning he forgot all about his hunger. For he saw the bluebird, wearing a beautiful new coat, fly from the lake and alight in the trees above him.

Blue was the coyote's favorite color, so he looked up and said, "How is this, bluebird? You were so ugly, and now you wear a beautiful blue coat. Tell me how you changed yourself, so that I can do the same."

The bluebird told the coyote what to do and taught him the song. Then the coyote went to the lake and bathed and sang the song as he had been told to do. When he finished he was a blue color like the bluebird!

The coyote was very proud of his new blue coat. He thought he was the most beautiful animal in the world, and he wanted everyone else to see and admire him, too. He began to trot along the mountain path, calling to everyone, "See me! I am Coyote! I have changed my color. I am now a beautiful blue."

As he trotted along he turned his head first one way and then the other to look at himself, thinking all the time how fine it was to be such a beautiful color.

Then, without stopping, he looked back at his shadow to see if it was also blue. Of course he ran right into a rock. He struck it so hard that he was knocked down flat and went rolling over and over down the dusty hillside. When he got to his feet again he was gray with dust and his beautiful color was all gone.

The coyote could never shake off the dust. He has been a dirty gray ever since. They say that this is the Dream Spirit's way of punishing the coyote for being so vain and foolish.

The Choice

Many years before the first Europeans landed on the North American continent, a prosperous tribe of Indians lived in the Southwest. The tribe's success at surviving in the often harsh environment was due to two things: their skill and careful wisdom in making use of the earth's resources, and the strength and wisdom of the council of elders, who, along with the chief, provided the tribe's leadership.

It happened that one summer, towards the end of that warm and fertile season, the chief of the tribe fell ill, and it seemed doubtful that he would live much longer. The chief, an old and weathered man, understood that soon he would join his ancestors, and he called the tribe together. When the tribe had assembled in the meeting area and the elders were seated in front of the robe on which he reclined, the chief spoke thus:

"Before long I shall leave you to dwell with our an-

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cestors, and it is important that when I die a worthy chief be ready to undertake the leadership of our tribe. More seasons than there are days between one full moon and another have passed since I became chief, and the time has come for a new man to step forth. The council of elders and myself have proposed a test to determine who is worthy to be chief. The test is this: each candidate who believes himself worthy shall carry two urns, one filled with water from our spring and one with fire from our hearth. The candidates shall race over the mountains at the first light of dawn and run to the desert floor; they shall return to our village, and whoever first enters the meeting area with the urns still full of water and fire will be the new chief. Who shall step forward and enter the race?"

As the chief spoke, a hush fell over the tribe as they waited to see who would rise and accept the challenge. No one was surprised when immediately Spotted Stag rose and proudly faced the gathered people. Spotted Stag was immensely popular with the people for his wit and strength. He was the fleetest man in the tribe, in both the water and on land, and his aim with the bow was ever accurate. Even as he rose, no one doubted that Spotted Stag was unbeatable, that he would within a day's time become their new chief, and this pleased many people, because Spotted Stag was popular and a handsome man. Only the chief, to those who glanced at his face, registered a cloud of surprise and concern as Spotted Stag stood.

So confident was Spotted Stag, and so aware were the people of his abilities, that no one else stood to oppose him in the race. Many minutes of anxious silence passed, until slowly a figure stood. Excited whispering and some laughter rolled around the crowd. The man who stood next to Spotted Stag was Lame Deer, an unlikely candidate for chief. As his name indicated, Lame Deer walked with a limp, and for this reason he seldom competed with the rest of the men in the tribe. He passed his time talking to the elders, making clay pots, and helping the women, much to the amusement of the other men in the tribe. No one doubted the outcome of the next day's race, and some felt embarrassed for the shame which Lame Deer must surely suffer.

"So be it," said the chief. "The race shall start at dawn tomorrow."

The next morning, at dawn, the tribe huddled in the dark while the urns were being prepared and the candidates stood waiting for the first ray of the sun to shoot over the mountains. Spotted Stag and Lame Deer shouldered the urns, and as the dark disappeared they ran off toward the desert. Immediately Spotted Stag began to widen a lead over Lame Deer, and by noon he had reached the crest of the mountains. Soon after, he reached the desert floor and began his return. Spotted Stag, however, was surprised to find Lame Deer nearer to him than he had supposed, for he passed the struggling man going the other way only just as he himself had turned around in the desert. For what Lame Deer lacked in ability, he more than made up for in determination and spirit. Refusing to give up, Lame Deer had overcome his handicap with his understanding of the importance of his goal.

As the sun was setting, Spotted Stag was only three miles from the village, and Lame Deer was only three hundred yards behind him, and gaining. As Spotted Stag rushed around a bend in the trail, a curious sight befell him: there was an old man, sick and injured, obviously close to death, leaning against a tree. As Spotted Stag passed him, the old man said, "Please help me, I need food and water, and care." Spotted Stag slowed momentarily, caught by his conscience; but then, hearing Lame Deer's footsteps, he rushed off toward the village.

Seconds later, Lame Deer flew around the bend and also saw the old man leaning against the tree. The old man said, "Please help me, I need food and water, and care." Lame Deer knew that he could catch Spotted Stag and win the race. He knew that he could become chief by leaving the old man as he lay. These thoughts tugged at his heart furiously. Nevertheless, with a sigh, he stopped and emptied his urn of fire on the ground to warm the old man, gave him water from the other urn, and attended to the old man's injuries, thus giving up his chance to be chief.

When Lame Deer entered the village an hour later, no one noticed him, as the tribe was crowded around Spotted Stag, congratulating him on his victory. Dejectedly, Lame Deer crawled to his lodge and fell asleep. He had only slept a short time when he was awakened by a boy who told him he was wanted at the council. When Lame Deer arrived at the meeting area, the tribe was once again assembled and the old man motioned for silence. This was what he said:

"I wish to congratulate Spotted Stag for winning the race. He is a fine citizen of the tribe and a valuable man to all of us. Spotted Stag will bring much honor to our people. I wish most of all to congratulate Lame Deer, for he is the new chief of the tribe."

A surprised clamor rose from the crowd, and it was many minutes before the chief again had silence. He again spoke:

"The qualities of a good chief are not strength, or speed, or appearance, or popularity, but wisdom, kindness, and concern for the well-being of the people. Lame Deer lost the race but passed the test which I devised to show us the quality of the candidates' hearts. Lame Deer sacrificed personal victory for the care of another human being. By giving up the race, by emptying the urns of fire and water to help the old man by the tree, Lame Deer has assured the continuing prosperity of our people, for only such a man as this can be considered by honorable people as a true leader."

And the prophecy of the old chief was true. Lame Deer was a wise and kind chief, and he, too, for more seasons than there are days between one full moon and another, led the tribe with devotion and compassion.

If there is a lesson in this tale, it might be this: those qualities in others and ourselves which we most envy or admire might not be those which deserve envy or admiration. If someone is handsome and popular, is there also beauty in his heart? If someone is witty, is he wise? If someone is swift of foot, perhaps he rushes past matters which deserve more attention. Perhaps we, too, should become more wise and look at our brothers and sisters of the world as we might have them look at us.

The Coin And The Cricket

I have a friend, and friends are certainly nice to have. But this friend is very special, for he has taught me a lesson which has greatly influenced my life, and I would like to share it with you.

I met George Blueflower in New Mexico. I was on a fishing trip to the White Mountains, and one day from the bank of a stream, I saw George, who was also fishing. For convenience, I shall make a long story shorter than it deserves to be, and only say that in the two weeks of my vacation, George and I grew to be fast friends. George is a Navajo Indian, living amidst the beauty of the largest reservation in the United States. For two weeks George shared with me the secrets and the customs of his life, and it was with a great deal of regret that I shouldered my pack and drove back to the city, where I worked in an office from nine in the morning until dusk.

George and I wrote to each other several times, and one day, remembering how patient George had been while I stayed with him, I thought I might return the favor and invite George out to the West Coast to learn about my life as I had learned about his. At first, when I suggested the idea to him, George was horrified with the idea of leaving the pines and meadows of his home and making the journey to an entirely different world. For him, to consider visiting a large city on the West Coast was much the same as considering a visit to the moon. George was born in a cabin in the forest and had never left. I admit that I tormented the poor fellow mercilessly; that is, I pestered George with offers and encouragement until he finally agreed to visit me for two weeks in August.

While we enjoyed ourselves very much for the two weeks that George stayed with me, I was often nervous and George terrified. I was nervous because I deeply wished George to understand my life, that it, too, had a kind of peace and beauty of its own. Perhaps I was being apologetic for something I did not really believe, but it was important to me that my friend, whose lifestyle was, after all, so fundamentally different from my own, perceive a dignity in my existence which I so much respected in his. On George's part, his terror came from the noise and confusion, the hurry and the waste of a large city. Having only seen dirt roads, freeways and neon-lit expressways were beyond belief; equally incredible were the masses of people who scurried along barrren streets with indiscernible destinations.

I believe that we should consider every second of our lives a lesson, the knowledge from which we should apply to each additional second, minute, hour, day, and year. Indeed, I learned a great deal from George and he from me. But for the two weeks that my friend visited me, I constantly felt somewhere in my heart the suspicion that he never really understood my life and that I had never really understood his. On the day before he left, a small but important event occurred which explained this all to me, and this is what I wish to share with you.

It was a smoggy, late afternoon, and George and I were strolling on a downtown street enroute from my office. It was the peak of the rush hour. The streets were choked with cars and buses and the sidewalks were crowded. George's pace slowed and quite suddenly he stopped.

"What is it?" I asked.

"I heard something," George replied, "a cricket."

I almost laughed, for the thought of a cricket being anywhere near twenty miles of that place amused me.

But George said, "No, wait. I heard a cricket." George looked around for a bit, and then his eyes fastened on the sidewalk.

I traced his gaze and saw that he was looking at a small tuft of grass that had somehow managed to find a foothold and existence in a crack in the sidewalk against a brick wall.

George knelt down, parting the grass with his fingers; a cricket lay among the white roots. George smoothed the grass again and stood up.

"That, my friend, is amazing!" I said. "How in the world could you even begin to hear a cricket with all this noise?"

A strange, excited, but also sad look came over George's face. He took my arm and pulled me off to the side. It was a moment before he spoke. "Do you have a nickle?" he asked.

Puzzled, I found the coin in my pocket and handed it to him.

Again, he was still for a moment, and then he looked at me with eyes which seemed much wiser and older than his own. "Watch this," he said. Then he took the nickle and flipped it in the air several feet away. Every head within twenty feet turned at the noise and, finally, someone spotted the coin and bent down to retrieve it.

George looked at me long, then he spoke. "When you stayed with me in the woods, there were things I tried to tell you and you seemed to understand but, yet, you did not UNDERSTAND. I asked you to listen to the beauty of the trout rising and splashing in the stream, and you heard the noise but not the beauty. I feel that I have heard and seen only part of what you hear, feel, and see in the city, and which you have tried to share with me. I guess that we can only hear, feel, and see what our lives and experiences have trained us to accept. People in the city are led towards money, cars, ... and who knows what else, ... and it is only the beauty of those things that they can feel. That is why, when the nickle hit the pavement, and don't forget the sound of the cricket was just as loud, probably louder than the sound of the coin, people heard it because that is what their life is all about. I would ignore or not even hear the sound of a hundred silver dollars hitting the street, but the sound of a cricket opens my ears. I cannot help but hear it, for such is my life and yours is yours."

George left for New Mexico a day later, taking with him memories he shall never forget, and which I hope are not unpleasant. We are still the best of friends; we write often, and someday, someday, I hope I can break away and visit him again. Ever since that day on the sidewalk, I have cherished a belief, one that I hope you can share with me: of all things, we must try to keep our eyes, our ears, and most of all, our hearts open. We must listen to the people of this world, whether they live next door or across an ocean, and not only try to understand, but to UNDERSTAND what they believe and why they might believe it. And we must not only listen to the noise of commerce, business, traffic, television, the noise of the city, but let us, my friends, learn to UNDERSTAND the quiet of the night, the dew that settles in the forest, the sun rising over a wilderness: all that our blind and modern lives might encourage us to deny.

The Contractor

Mr. Hollinger was a contractor. He had worked for Scott Landis for 35 years and was getting ready to retire.

Mr. Landis called Andy Hollinger into his office one day and said, "Andy, we've worked together for a long time, and I know you're looking forward to retiring. There's just one more project I want you to build for me before you do."

Mr. Landis pulled out the blueprints for a magnificent wood and glass split-level home. He said, "Andy, I want you to spare no expense on this home—top grade materials and hardware. This is a *very* special project."

"You know me," said Mr. Hollinger. "I always do my best."

And he always had. He was a good builder, and he knew where to get the best materials and the best people to work for him.

As Mr. Hollinger began taking bids on the project and researching available materials, a thought struck him. Scott Landis was his boss and a good friend, but the retirement fund that had been set up 35 years ago did not provide all that well for Mr. Hollinger's future. Andy thought to himself that on purchasing the wood, glass, hardware, and materials needed for the beautiful home he could easily buy second best supplies that wouldn't hold up quite as well or quite as long, but most people wouldn't notice the difference for years, and then he could skim some profit off the top and use it for a more comfortable retirement. He rationalized himself into thinking he wasn't really cheating himself. And he wasn't really cheating his boss, Scott Landis, because he wasn't going to be living in the house. It was being built for a good friend of Mr. Landis' who, more than likely, didn't know that much about building homes anyway, and who wouldn't notice maybe the wood warping in ten years or the glass taking on a different tint. No one would know except Mr. Hollinger that he hadn't used top quality nuts, bolts, screws, insulation, plumbing, and wiring.

He pocketed the extra money and turned in beefed-up invoices. When the home was completed the two men inspected his handiwork and both seemed pleased. From the outside it looked top-grade, a fine house for Mr. Landis' friend to live in.

"Andy," Mr. Landis said, patting his friend on the back, "you've outdone yourself this time. It's a fine home for a very special person and his family. I wanted this house to be built with the finest of materials—things that would last and be relatively maintenance free—because this home is a retirement gift for you!"

What could Andy say? He had only cheated himself.

The Deaf Man And The Traveler

An elderly man was very deaf and also very sensitive about his deafness, which he always tried to conceal. One day he was building a pigpen close by the side of the road running through his farm. As he worked, he saw a traveler approaching on horseback.

The deaf man said to himself, "That fellow will ask what I am building. And I'll tell him, 'A pigpen.' Then he'll say, 'How big are you going to make it on a side?' And I'll day, 'Ten or twelve feet.' Then he'll ask me, 'What'll you take for it when it's finished?' And I'll tell him, 'Fifteen dollars.' He'll say, 'That's too much.' And I'll answer, 'That's what they all say.' Then he'll say, 'I won't give it.' And I'll tell him, 'Well, if you don't somebody else will.'"

The traveler rode up and stopped. He asked, "What is that house I see across the valley?"

"A pigpen," said the deaf man.

"How far is it from here?" the horseman then inquired.

"Ten or twelve feet," came the answer.

Puzzled, the rider exclaimed, "What in the name of common sense are you talking about?"

"Fifteen dollars," came the reply.

"You," said the wayfarer, "are certainly the biggest fool I have ever seen."

"That," answered the old deaf man, "is what they all say."

"If you weren't such an old food," said the traveler, as he gathered up his reins to ride away, "I would take pleasure in punching your head."

"Never mind," the deaf man answered, "if you don't somebody else will."

The Elephant Rock

Many moons ago, before the white man came to this area, a tribe of Indians lived on the shores of Mohawk Pond. They were a happy and peaceful tribe who hunted in the forest on Mohawk Mountain and fished in the pond and streams. For years they lived in harmony with man and nature.

One member of this Indian tribe was a very clever brave named Wasjencenka. Wasjencenka was not only clever and brave, but he had magical powers. He could turn himself into any bird or fish or animal of the forest just by wishing it. This is the story of one of the times Wasjencenka helped his tribe when they were being threatened by an unknown force.

It was early one spring when the tribe first realized they had trouble. A hunting party which had been out on the far side of the mountain came running back into the camp talking about how one of the braves had disappeared. It seems that they had been walking along, ever so silently, in a single file, when the next to the last man turned around to discover that the brave who had been behind him was gone. They had heard no sound of trouble and his tracks simply stopped near where he had rounded a bend in the trail by a large rock.

No one could figure out what had happened to the missing brave, but they decided to be more careful when travelin the woods away from the camp. There was no more trouble for several weeks and the braves stopped being so cautious. Then one day another brave disappeared. Again the tribe was alarmed by this unexplained misfortune and they renewed their efforts to insure safety. But the disappearances continued more and more frequently; a brave who was separated from his hunting party for only a few seconds vanished; a brave on one of the tribe's swiftest horses disappeared and the spooked horse returned to camp alone; a squaw who was out picking berries never returned.

When the disappearances started happening so close to the camp, the whole tribe began to panic and no one wanted to venture even a few feet from his teepee. They did send out a couple of hunting parties to try to find the cause of the tribe's ill fortune. But they never were successful in finding what they were looking for, but often it would find them and one of the braves would seemingly evaporate.

Wasjencenka, who had been working with the other braves, finally decided to go out on his own and try to find the villain that was harming his tribe. First he went down to the bank of the pond and found a sharp piece of flint which he tucked beneath his belt. He then went out into the forest and turned himself into a small white rabbit. Out he hopped into the part of the forest where he knew many rabbits lived. By talking to these little animals, who knew all that went on in the woods, Wasjencenka learned that there was a large grey animal in the area that was so big that when he sat crouched and very still he looked like a rock. The rabbits said they had seen this rock-like creature reach out with a long, strange looking finger and swiftly and silently pull in and swallow both animals and people.

So Wasjencenka set off looking for this thing and trying to plot how he could stop it. For days and days he searched. He saw many large rocks but none of them moved when he jumped on their backs or ran circles round and round them. Early one morning, though, as a discouraged Wasjencka rabbit headed back toward camp, he saw something moving slowly across an open field. His heart started pumping wildly as he got closer and realized that this was the creature he was looking for. He was amazed at its size, and when the thing stopped and lay down it really did look like a large boulder.

Wasjencenka decided to go closer to get a better look. What he didn't realize was that the hungry creature was also watching him. When Wasjencenka got very near, the creature suddenly grabbed him with what looked like a long nose and stuffed him into his mouth. The next thing Wasjencenka knew he was in the belly of the animal blinking his eyes to try to see through the darkness. He soon realized that he was not alone but there were more than a dozen Indians and several small animals there with him. They were all cold, hungry, and scared. Wasjencenka quickly turned himself back into a man. The other Indians explained that they had all been swallowed whole by this creature and they had been in his belly for days or even weeks. As they each described what he or she had seen of the creature they formed a picture of a large grey animal with short stumpy legs, big floppy ears, a large round body, a small tail on the back of its body, and a long thick tail in the front. They did not know it then but they were, of course, sitting in the belly of an elephant.

Wasjencenka quickly formulated a plan. He had all the Indians gather round while he took the piece of flint from beneath his belt and with it cut a large hole in the side of the animal. Quickly everyone jumped out and ran to safety. But before Wasjencenka could make it out himself the animal started to stand and turn. Just as Wasjencenka was stealing away the creature grabbed him by the leg and started to swallow him again. Wasjencenka fought furiously, though, and soon freed himself and grabbed the elephant by its long nose. He then hoisted the animal up over his head and turned him around and around and around. Suddenly Wasjencenka released his grip and sent that elephant sailing toward the morning sun in the eastern sky.

The Mohawk Indians never had any more trouble with hungry rocks. As for that large creature, well, Wasjencenka had flung him so hard that he landed in Africa. And that, my friends, is why there are now lots of elephants in Africa, but we have had no more trouble with wild elephants in Connecticut.

The Elephant's Child

BY RUDYARD KIPLING

In the High and Far-Off Times the Elephant, O Best Beloved, had no trunk. He had only a blackish, bulgy nose, as big as a boot, that he could wriggle about from side to side; but he couldn't pick up things with it. But there was one Elephant—a new Elephant—an Elephant's Child—who was full of 'satiable curtiosity, and that means he asked ever so many questions. And he lived in Africa, and he filled all of Africa with his 'satiable curtiosities. He asked his tall aunt, the Ostrich, why her tail-feathers grew just so, and his tall aunt, the Ostrich, spanked him with her hard, hard claw. He asked his tall uncle, the Giraffe, what made his skin spotty, and his tall uncle, The Giraffe, spanked him with his hard, hard hoof. And still he was full of 'satiable curtiosity! He asked his broad aunt, the Hippopotamus, why her eyes were red, and his broad aunt, the Hippopotamus, spanked him with her broad, broad hoof; and he asked his hairy uncle, the Baboon, spanked him with his hairy, hairy paw. And *still* he was full of 'satiable curtiosity! He asked questions about everything that he saw, or heard, or felt, or smelt, or touched, and all his uncles and his aunts spanked him. And still he was full of 'satiable curtiosity!

One fine morning in the middle of the Precession of the Equinoxes, this 'satiable Elephant's Child asked a new fine question that he had never asked before. He asked, "What does the Crocodile have for dinner?" Then everybody said, "Hush!" in a loud and dretful tone, and they spanked him immediately and directly, without stopping, for a long time.

By and by, when that was finished, he came upon a Kolokolo Bird sitting in the middle of a wait-a-bit thornbush, and he said, "My father has spanked me, and my mother has spanked me; all my aunts and uncles have spanked me for my 'satiable curtiosity; and *still* I want to know what the Crocodile has for dinner!"

Then Kolokolo Bird said, with a mournful cry, "Go to the banks of the great, grey-green, greasy Limpopo River, all set about with fever-trees, and find out."

That very next morning, when there was nothing left of the Equinoxes, because the Precession had preceded according to precedent, this 'satiable Elephant's Child took a hundred pounds of bananas (the little short red kind), and a hundred pounds of sugarcane (the long purple kind), and seventeen melons (the greeny-crackly kind), and said to all his dear families, "Good-bye. I am going to the great, grey-green, greasy Limpopo River, all set about with fever-trees, to find out what the Crocodile has for dinner.' And they all spanked him once more for luck, though he asked them most politely to stop.

Then he went away, a little warm, but not at all astonished, eating melons, and throwing the rind about, because he could not pick it up.

He went from Graham's Town to Kimberley, and from Kimberley to Khama's Country, and from Khama's Country he went east by north, eating melons all the time, till at last he came to the banks of the grey-green, greasy Limpopo River, all set about with fever-trees, precisely as the Kolokolo Bird had said.

Now you must know and understand, O Best Beloved, that till that very week, and day, and hour, and minute, this 'satiable Elephant's Child had never seen a Crocodile, and did not know what one was like. It was all his 'satiable curtiosity.

The first thing that he found was a Bi-Coloured-Phy-

(continued)

thon-Rock-Snake curled around a rock.

"Scuse me," said the Elephant's Child most politely, "but have you seen such a thing as a Crocodile in these promiscuous parts?"

"Have I seen a Crocodile?" said the Bi-coloured-Python-Rock-Snake, in a voice of dretful scorn. "What will you ask me next?"

"Scuse me," said the Elephant's Child, "but could you kindly tell me what he has for dinner?"

Then the Bi-Coloured-Python-Rock-Snake uncoiled himself very quickly from the rock, and spanked the Elephant's Child with his scalesome, flailsome tail.

"That is odd," said the Elephant's Child, "because my father and my mother, and my uncle and my aunt, not to mention my other aunt, the Hippopotamus, and my other uncle, the Baboon, have all spanked me for my 'satiable curtiosity—and I suppose this is the same thing."

So he said good-bye very politely to the Bi-Coloured-Python-Rock-Snake and helped to coil him up on the rock again, and went on, a little warm, but not at all astonished, eating melons, and throwing the rind about, because he could not pick it up, till he trod on what he thought was a log of wood at the very edge of the great grey-green, greasy Limpopo River all set about with fever-trees.

But it was really the Crocodile, O Best Beloved, and the Crocodile winked one eye—like this!

"Scuse me," said the Elephant's Child most politely, "but do you happen to have seen a Crocodile in these promiscuous parts?"

Then the Crocodile winked the other eye, and lifted half his tail out of the mud; and the Elephant's Child stepped back most politely, because he did not wish to be spanked again.

"Come hither, Little One," said the Crocodile. "Why do you ask such things?"

"Scuse me," said the Elephant's Child most politely, "but my father has spanked me, my mother has spanked me, not to mention my tall aunt, the Ostrich, and my tall uncle, the Giraffe, who can kick ever so hard, as well as my broad aunt, the Hippopotamus, and my hairy uncle, the Baboon, and including the Bi-Coloured-Python-Rock-Snake, with the scalesome, flailsome tail, just up the bank, who spanks harder than any of them; and so, if it's quite the same to you, I don't want to be spanked any more."

"Come hither, Little One," said the Crocodile, "for I am the Crocodile," and he wept crocodile tears to show it was quite true.

Then the Elephant's Child grew all breathless, and panted, and kneeled down on the bank and said, "You are the very person I have been looking for all these long days. Will you please tell me what you have for dinner?"

"Come hither, Little One," said the Crocodile, "and I'll whisper."

Then the Elephant's Child put his head down close to the Crocodile's musky, tusky mouth, and the Crocodile caught him by his little nose, which up to that very week, day, hour, and minute, had been no bigger than a boot, though much more useful.

"I think," said the Crocodile—and he said it between his teeth, like this—"I think today I will begin with the Elephant's Child!"

At this, O Best Beloved, the Elephant's Child was much annoyed, and he said, speaking through his nose, like this, "Led go! You are hurtig be!"

Then the Bi-Coloured-Python-Rock-Snake scuffed down from the bank and said, "My young friend, if you do not now, immediately and instantly, pull as hard as ever you can, it is my opinion that your acquaintance in the large-pattern leather ulster (and by this he meant the Crocodile) will jerk you into yonder limpid stream before you can say Jack Robinson."

This is the way Bi-Coloured-Python-Rock-Snakes always talk.

Then the Elephant's Child sat back on his little haunches, and pulled, and pulled, and pulled, and his nose began to stretch. And the Crocodile floundered into the water, making it all creamy with great sweeps of his tail, and he pulled, and pulled, and pulled.

And the Elephant's Child's nose kept on stretching; and the Elephant's Child spread all his little four legs and pulled, and pulled, and pulled, and his nose kept on stretching; and the Crocodile threshed his tail like an oar, and he pulled, and pulled, and pulled, and at each pull the Elephant's Child's nose grew longer and longer—and it hurt him hijjus!

Then the Elephant's Child felt his legs slipping, and he said through his nose, which was now nearly five feet long, "This is too butch for be!"

Then the Bi-Coloured-Python-Rock-Snake came down from the bank, and knotted himself in a double-clove-hitch around the Elephant's Child's hind legs, and said, "Rash and inexperienced traveller, we will now seriously devote ourselves to a little high tension, because if we do not, it is my impression that younder self-propelling man-of-war with the armour-plated upper deck (and by this, O Best Beloved, he meant the Crocodile) will permanently vitiate your future career."

That is the way all Bi-Coloured-Python-Rock-Snakes always talk.

So he pulled, and the Elephant's Child pulled, and the Crocodile pulled; but the Elephant's Child and the Bi-Coloured-Python-Rock-Snake pulled hardest; and at last the Crocodile let go of the Elephant's Child's nose with a plop that you could hear all up and down the Limpopo.

Then the Elephant's Child sat down most hard and sudden; but first he was careful to say "Thank you" to the Bi-Coloured-Python-Rock-Snake; and next he was kind to his poor pulled nose, and wrapped it all up in cool banana leaves, and hung it in the great grey-green, greasy Limpopo to cool.

"What are you doing that for?" said the Bi-Coloured-Python-Rock-Snake.

"Scuse me," said the Elephant's Child, "but my nose is badly out of shape, and I am waiting for it to shrink."

"Then you will have to wait a long time," said the Bi-coloured-Python-Rock-Snake. "Some people do not know what is good for them."

The Elephant's Child sat there for three days waiting for his nose to shrink. But it never grew any shorter, and, besides, it made him squint. For, O Best Beloved, you will see and understand that the Crocodile had pulled it out into a really truly trunk same as all Elephants have to-day.

At the end of the third day a fly came and stung him on the shoulder, and before he knew what he was doing he lifted up his trunk and hit that fly dead with the end of it.

"Vantage number one!" said the Bi-Coloured-Python-Rock-Snake. "You couldn't have done that with a mere-smear nose. Try and eat a little now."

Before he thought what he was doing the Elephant's Child put out his trunk and plucked a large bundle of grass, dusted it clean against his forelegs, and stuffed it into his own mouth.

"Vantage number two!" said the Bi-Coloured-Python-Rock-Snake. "You couldn't have done that with a mere-smear nose. Don't you think the sun is very hot here?"

"It is," said the Elephant's Child, and before he thought what he was doing he schlooped up a schloop of mud from the banks of the great grey-green, greasy Limpopo, and slapped it on his head, where it made a cool schloopy-sloshy mud-cap all trickly behind his ears.

"Vantage number three!" said the Bi-Coloured-Python-Rock-Snake. "You couldn't have done that with a mere-smear nose. Now how do you feel about being spanked

again?"

"Scuse me," said the Elephant's Child, "but I should not like it at all."

"How would you like to spank somebody?" said the Bi-coloured-Python-Rock-Snake.

"I should like it very much indeed," said the Elephant's Child.

"Well," said the Bi-Coloured-Python-Rock-Snake, "you will find that new nose of yours very useful to spank people with."

"Thank you," said the Elephant's Child, "I'll remember that; and now I think I'll go home to all my dear families and try."

So the Elephant's Child went home across Africa frisking and whisking his trunk. When he wanted fruit to eat he pulled it down from a tree, instead of waiting for it to fall as he used to do. When he wanted grass he plucked grass up from the ground, instead of going on his knees as he used to do. When the flies bit him he broke off the branch of a tree and used it as a fly-whisk; and he made himself a new, cool, slushy-squshy mud-cap whenever the sun was hot. When he felt lonely walking through Africa he sang to himself down his trunk, and the noise was louder than several brass bands. He went especially out of his way to find a broad Hippopotamus (she was no relation of his), and he spanked her very hard, to make sure the Bi-Coloured-Python-Rock-Snake had spoken the truth about his new trunk. The rest of the time he picked up the melon rinds that he had dropped on his way to the Limpopo—for he was a tidy Pachyderm.

One dark evening he came back to all his dear families, and he coiled up his trunk and said, "How do you do?" They were very glad to see him, and immediately said, "Come here and be spanked for your 'satiable curtiosity."

"Pooh," said the Elephant's Child. "I don't think you peoples know anything about spanking; but *I* do, and I'll show you."

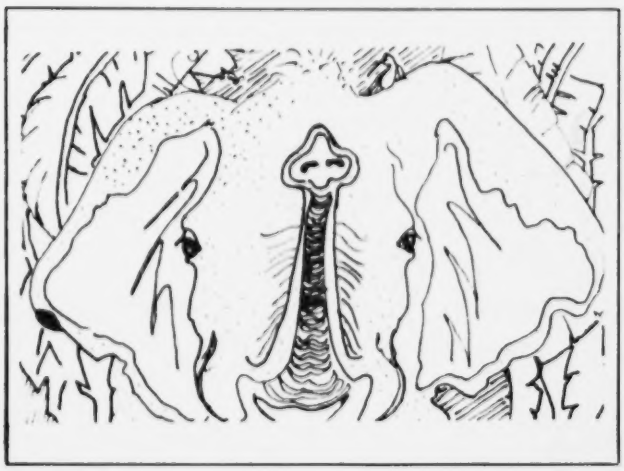
Then he uncurled his trunk and knocked two of his dear brothers head over heels.

"O Bananas!" said they, "Where did you learn that trick, and what have you done to your nose?"

"I got a new one from the Crocodile on the banks of the great, grey-green, greasy Limpopo River," said the Elephant's Child. "I asked him what he had for dinner, and he gave me this to keep."

"It looks very ugly," said his hairy uncle, the Baboon.

"It does," said the Elephant's Child. "But it's very useful," and he picked up his hairy uncle, the Baboon, by one hairy leg, and hove him into a hornet's next.



Then that bad Elephant's Child spanked all his dear families for a long time, till they were very warm and greatly astonished. He pulled out his tall Ostrich aunt's tail-feathers; and he caught his tall uncle, the Giraffe, by the hind-leg, and dragged him through a thorn-bush; and he shouted at his broad aunt, the Hippopotamus, and blew bubbles into her ear when she was sleeping in the water after meals; but he never let any one touch the Kolokolo Bird.

At last things grew so exciting that his dear families went off one by one in a hurry to the banks of the great grey-green, greasy Limpopo River, all set about with fever-trees, to borrow new noses from the Crocodile. When they came back nobody spanked anybody any more; and ever since that day, O Best Beloved, all the Elephants you will ever see, besides all those that you won't, have trunks precisely like the trunk of the 'satiable Elephant's Child.

The First Magic Moccasins

A great Plains Indian Chief had very tender feet. Other mighty chiefs laughed openly, lesser chiefs smiled secret smiles, and the rest of the people enjoyed the big chief's discomfort in smileless silence. They were all in the same canoe—all of them had bare feet and no horses, but few of them had tender feet. The unhappy medicine man, who was the Chief-of-the-Tender-Feet's adviser, was greatly troubled because each time he was summoned by the chief he was sternly asked, "What are you going to do about it?" The "it" referred to the tender feet of the chief.

Driven to desperation, the medicine man hit upon a plan which he knew was not the final solution, but was nevertheless a fine makeshift. He had some women of the tribe weave a long, narrow mat of reeds and when the big chief had to go anywhere, six braves unrolled the mat in front of him so that he walked in comfort. One day the braves, who were worn out from seeing that the big chief's feet were not worn out, carelessly unrolled the mat over a place where flint arrowheads had been chipped. The arrowheads had long since taken flight, but needle-like chips remained. When the chief's tender feet were cut by these splinters he let out a series of whoops that made the nearby aspens quiver so hard that they have been doing so ever since.

That night the medicine man was given an impossible task by the enraged chief. "Cover the entire earth with mats so thick that my feet will not suffer or you will die when the moon is round."

This was an order which the frightened medicine man knew he could never carry out, even if he had been commanded to do so before five snows had come and gone. When he returned to his lodge he saw the hide of an elk which he had killed pegged out on the ground with two women busily scraping the hair from the skin. An idea flashed into his groping mind. He sent out many hunters, many women were busy for many days, many braves with hunting knives cut and women sewed with rawhide sinews.

Just before the moon was round the medicine man appeared before his chief and told him that he had covered as much of the earth as possible in so short a time. When the chief looked from the door of his lodge he saw many paths of skin stretching as far as the eye could see. Long strips, which could be moved from place to place, connected the main leather paths and even the chief thought that this time the magic of the medicine man had solved tenderfoot transportation for all time—but this was not to be!

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One day as the big chief was walking fast along one of his strong, tough, smooth, leather paths, he saw a beauteous maiden of the tribe gliding ahead of him. She glanced back when she heard his feet patter on the elkhide path and lighted his heart with an encouraging smile. She was going in the same direction as he and she was so lithe and agile that she seemed to float rather than walk, though her trim bare feet trod Mother Earth. The chief set off on the run to catch up with her. His eager eyes were fixed on the back of She-Who-Smiled and so his tender feet strayed from the narrow path—and landed in a bunch of cacti! The maiden ran for her life when she heard the hideous howls of the chief, and Indians in the distant village rushed outdoors, fearing the worst.

Two suns later, when the chief was able to speak again, he sent for his medicine man, and told him that when the sun was high, next day, he would be sent with all possible ceremony and speed to the Land of Shadows. The chief was still so upset that he could not be spoken to, even in Sign Language.

That night, the medicine man went to a high hilltop on a Power Quest. He waited for a dream-vision which would help him to solve immediately the only problem that would save his life: how to cover the entire earth with leather. In a flash of lightning the answer was shown to him, soon after his vigil had begun. He sped down the hillside, outhowling the big chief at times, as jagged rocks connected with his big feet, but stopping not until he was within his lodge. He worked all night and till those who were to send him on The Shadow Trail came for him just before noon the next day. He accompanied the war-club-armed guards, clutching to his heart something tightly rolled in a piece of deerskin. His cheerful smile surprised the onlookers.

"He is brave!" said the braves who watched his coming. "He is very brave!" said the women of the tribe. The big chief was waiting just outside his lodge and he gave the guards swift stern orders. Before the maker-of-magic could be led away he asked to say a few words to the chief. "Speak," said the chief, who was sorry to lose an able medicine man who was very good at all minor magic—for even the chief knew that covering the entire earth with leather was an impossible task.

The medicine man quickly knelt beside the chief, unrolled the objects from his bundle and slipped one of them on each foot of the chief. The chief appeared to be wearing a bear's hairless feet, instead of bare feet, and he was puzzled as he looked at the elkhide handcraft of the medicine man. "Big chief," the medicine man exclaimed joyfully, "I have found the way to cover the earth with leather. For you, O chief, from now on, the earth will always be covered with leather." And so it was!

The Highwayman

BY ALFRED NOYES

Part One

The wind was a torrent of darkness among the gusty trees,
The moon was a ghostly galleon tossed upon cloudy seas,
The road was a ribbon of moonlight over the purple moor,
And the highwayman came riding—
Riding—riding—
The highwayman came riding, up to the old inn-door.

He'd a French cocked-hat on his forehead, a bunch of lace at his chin,
A coat of the claret velvet, and breeches of brown doe-skin;
They fitted with never a wrinkle: his boots were up to the thigh!
His pistol butts a-twinkle,
His rapier hilt a-twinkle, under the jewelled sky.

Over the cobbles he clattered and clashed in the dark inn-yard,
And he tapped with his whip on the shutters, but all was locked and barred;
He whistled a tune to the window, and who should be waiting there
But the landlord's black-eyed daughter,
Bess, the landlord's daughter,
Plaiting a dark red love-knot into her long black hair.

And dark in the dark old inn-yard a stable wicket creaked
Where Tim, the ostler, listened; his face was white and peaked;
His eyes were hollows of madness, his hair like mouldy hay,
But he loved the landlord's daughter,
The landlord's red-lipped daughter;
Dumb as a dog he listened, and he heard the robber say—

"One kiss, my bonny sweetheart, I'm after a prize tonight,
But I shall be back with the yellow gold before the morning light;
Yet, if they press me sharply, and harry me through the day,
Then look for me by moonlight,
Watch for me by moonlight,
I'll come to thee by moonlight, though hell should bar the way."
He rose upright in the stirrups; he scarce could reach her hand,
But she loosened her hair i' the casement! His face burnt like a brand
As the black cascade of perfume came tumbling over his breast;
And he kissed its waves in the moonlight,
(Oh, sweet black waves in the moonlight!)
Then he tugged at his reins in the moonlight, and galloped away to the West.

Part Two

He did not come in the dawning; he did not come at noon;
And out o' the tawny sunset, before the rise o' the moon,
When the road was a gipsy's ribbon, looping the purple moor,
A red-coat troop came marching—
Marching—marching—
King George's men came marching, up to the old inn-door.

They said no word to the landlord, they drank his ale instead,
But they gagged his daughter and bound her to the foot of her narrow bed;
Two of them knelt at her casement, with muskets at their side!
There was death at every window;
And hell at one dark window;
For Bess could see, through her casement, the road that *he* would ride.

They had tied her up to attention, with many a sniggering jest;
They had bound a musket beside her, with the barrel beneath her breast!
"Now keep good watch!" and they kissed her. She heard the dead man say—
Look for me by moonlight;
Watch for me by moonlight;
I'll come to thee by moonlight, though hell should bar the way!

She twisted her hands behind her; bu : all the knots held good!
She writhed her hands till her fingers were wet with sweat and blood!
They stretched and strained in the darkness, and the hours crawled by like years,
Till, now, on the stroke of midnight,
Cold on the stroke of midnight,
The tip of one finger touched it! The trigger at last was hers!

The tip of one finger touched it; she strove no more for the rest!
Up, she stood up to attention, with the barrel beneath her breast,
She would not risk their hearing; she would not strive again;
For the road lay bare in the moonlight;
Blank and bare in the moonlight;
And the blood of her veins in the moonlight throbbed to her love's refrain.

Tlot-Tlot, tlot-tlot! Had they heard it? The horse-hoofs ringing clear;
Tlot-Tlot, tlot-tlot, in the distance? Were they deaf that they did not heard?
Down the ribbon of moonlight, over the brow of the hill,
The highwayman cam riding
Riding, riding!
The red-coats looked to their priming! She stood up straight and still!

Tlot, tlot, in the frosty silence! *Tlot-tlot* in the echoing night!
Nearer he came and nearer! Her face was like a light!
Her eyes grew wide for a moment; she drew one last deep breath,
Then her finger moved in the moonlight,
Her musket shattered the moonlight,
Shattered her breast in the moonlight and warned him—with her death.

He turned; he spurred him Westward; he did not know who stood
Bowed, with her head o'er the musket, drenched with her own red blood!
Not till the dawn he heard it, his face grew gray to hear
How Bess, the landlord's daughter,
The landlord's black-eyed daughter,
Had watched for her love in the moonlight, and died in the darkness there.

Back, he spurred like a madman, shrieking a curse to the sky,
With the white road smoking behind him, and his rapier brandished high!
Blood-red were his spurs in the golden noon; wine-red was his velvet coat,
When they shot him down on the highway,
Down like a dog on the highway,
And he lay in his blood on the highway, with a bunch of lace at his throat.

And still of a winter's night, they say, when the wind is in the trees,
When the moon is a ghostly galleon tossed upon cloudy seas,
When the road is a ribbon of moonlight over the purple moor,
A highwayman comes riding—
Riding—riding—
A highwayman comes riding up to the old inn-door.

Over the cobbles he clatters and clangs in the dark inn-yard;
And taps with his whip on the shutters, but all is locked and barred;
He whistles a tune to the window, and who should be waiting there
Bess, the landlord's daughter,
Plaiting a dark red love-knot into her long black hair.

The Last Escape

Caution: Not recommended for younger campers

The prison was a dark concrete structure which occupied an entire hillside twenty miles up a dirt road. La Cima Prison was one of those institutions where we house those citizens of the world we want to forget. It was a prison for the criminally insane. The dirt road which led to the prison also led past Camp Cuyamaca where I worked as a counselor. Although the prison had been officially closed for more than ten years, we all told stories about the imagined horrors which were the prison's history.

One night, all the counselors were sitting around telling ghost stories about the prison. The maintenance man for our camp, who we called Art the Turk, was listening to us intently. At the end of the story, Art came over and said: "Listen, folks. You want to hear a true story? Well, I'll tell it to you, and I know it's true because I was the caretaker for the prison for fifteen years. But let me warn you; this isn't a tale for the weak of heart." Here then, is the story which Art the Turk related.

In 1936, a prisoner named James Callahan arrived at La Cima. He had been sentenced to life in prison with no chance for parole. His crime had been a trail of mayhem and murder across the United States. He was finally captured in a small cave near the Pacific Ocean, where he huddled with fire in his twisted eyes and bits of human flesh under his fingernails. There was no doubt that Callahan was deranged, a madman, and only this saved him from the gas chamber. And so Callahan was shuffled off to La Cima where society would try to forget about him.

Though Callahan was unquestionably mad, there was something very, very sane in the manner in which he was obsessed with freedom. The walls of the prison were a plague to him, and for years he dreamed of every possibility of escape. Each plan that he devised he eventually rejected: he knew that he only had one chance, and he must succeed. He spent twelve years tunneling under a loose stone in his cell with a stolen spoon, only to strike an impenetrable layer of rock at a depth of nineteen feet.

Callahan had been at La Cima seventeen years. He was now forty-seven years old, and as each day passed, more desperate was he to escape. It was in the fall of his seventeenth year at La Cima that he hit upon the plan for the last escape. He must have spent months squatting in the cold, dirty cell going over every detail of the plan. The only possible impediment was that he needed a confederate, and only a particular confederate would do: Old Ben, himself a prisoner, a trustee, who served as the prison gardener...and undertaker. In furtive meetings, Callahan finally convinced Old Ben to go along with his plan. At last everything was arranged...now they must wait.

When someone died at the prison—a frequent occurrence—Old Ben would remove the body from its cell and place it in a pine coffin where it would lie in state in the prison chapel until the next morning. At dawn, Old Ben and the warden would load the coffin on a horse cart. The cemetery was outside the prison walls. The warden would officially record the burial and leave Old Ben to cover

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the grave with dirt and rocks. The plan which Callahan devised was this. The next time there was a death at the prison, Callahan would crawl into the chapel and hide. At night he would open the coffin and lie on top of the body already inside. He would wait until the dawn of the next day when Old Ben and the warden would load him on the cart. After the warden had recorded the burial, Old Ben was to open the coffin and Callahan would be free.

Two months passed, then three, and still the population of the prison resisted the one death which would free Callahan. Each day he grew more agitated and upset, for each day he knew was one day closer to his horrible journey to freedom. The winter set upon the prison with an unrecalled ferocity, and Callahan waited.

One day in early February, Callahan heard the lonely toll of the chapel bell indicating a prisoner had died. Callahan was gripped with fearful excitement, for he knew that tonight he would make his move. At dusk he left the work detail and swiftly found the door to the chapel. In the darkness of the back room, he felt around, and sure enough, there was a coffin resting on two benches. Callahan eased open the lid of the coffin and laid himself to a cold rest on top of the inert and giving mass below which carried the sweet smell of death with it. Callahan replaced the lid and was covered with foul darkness.

The night was an eternity of terror. Finally, he began to perceive sounds, and he knew in his silent rage that it was dawn and they were coming for the coffin. He was jostled and bumped, and he knew that Old Ben and the warden were loading him onto the cart. There was more bumping and he felt a secret, wild joy; he could tell they were on the road outside the prison. He was free at last. Almost. Finally, the cart stopped. Again, more jostling, a final bump as he was lowered into the grave. He knew that the warden would be leaving very soon, and any minute Old Ben would pop open the lid of the coffin and Callahan would be free.

But now came a startling sound: the slow swish and thud of shovels of frozen dirt being thrown into the grave! Callahan's heart leaped with terror. Perhaps there has been a mistake, he thought. But no, there was no room for mistakes! The warden is only staying a minute longer than usual, he thought. But the sounds of dirt filling the grave grew more faint each second, and now the air grew thin and hot. Cramped in the coffin, the smell of certain death became heavier...any minute now he thought, then screamed, "Come on! Ben!" He shouted in mute, maniacal agony, "Come on! Come on! I beg you!" But there was nothing now, only the complete silence and final darkness of the earth.

Suddenly a thought grew like a fast disease in Callahan's mind. He started to laugh and laugh, using the last of the good air in the coffin. He knew what a monstrous joke he was part of. His last action, before screaming himself to death below the ground, was to strike a match, glance over his trembling shoulder, and stare into the dead white face of Old Ben.

The Legend of Chief Cleawox

Once, only Indians were in this land. Then came strangers from across the Great Water. No land had they; the Indian gave them their land. No food had they; the Indian gave them corn. The strangers became many and they filled all the country. They dug gold from the mountains; they built houses of the trees of the forests; they reared cities of the stones and rocks; they made fine garments from the hides and wool of animals. They brought nothing with them from beyond the Great Water; they were given everything. It was meant by the Great Mystery that the Indian should give to all peoples.

Long before the white man came to the Siuslaw, there were lots of small Indian tribes scattered along the coast. They stayed on the coast because it was so easy to get food with the deer and elk in the mountains and fish, clams, and crabs in the ocean, lakes, and rivers.

The Cleawox Indians were just such a people. The tribe consisted of five families who lived in this very place in peace and harmony. They rarely wandered very far from their lodges that were built of sod and cedar bark. They spent their days gathering shellfish or stalking an elk for food and for trading. The shells from the shellfish were very valuable trading items.

The tribe was rarely without visitors. Many tribes from across the mountains would make the long journey to the coast to trade. When they entered the village they were greeted with songs and the visitors were made welcome. There would be feasting first and then one by one the visitors would begin to lay out the articles they had brought to trade, or or two at a time. The trading was done in a very slow manner. It was like a game with them, each wondering what the other still had hidden. The Cleawox Indians also brought out things they had ready for trading. When one saw something he wanted, he then made an offer, being careful that it was enough to keep the respect of the other trader.

Such visitors were frequent and all the children looked forward to hearing the stories about faraway places. This was especially true of Hinook. He had heard these tales since he was very small. He often dreamed of seeing the high mountains covered with snow and the cold rushing rivers where the salmon were plentiful. But alas, Hinook realized his dreams would never come true. He was fast approaching manhood and it would soon be time for him to take his place as a provider for the tribe.

On this day the visitors spoke of many things. There was the sad truth that the Columbia Indians had lost many of their people due to fever. The reports were that the tribe was nearly wiped out. There was also news of a great celebration that was to be held very soon and all the tribes

for hundreds of miles would be there.

Hinook's eyes lit up. A celebration! Maybe his family would go. At last he might have a chance to go to the mountains. His Grandfather spoke, "We of the Cleawox family do not make journeys. We must be here when the whale run." Hinook could feel his disappointment envelop him; he was so deep into his own thoughts that he didn't hear his Grandfather speak again. "I will send my grandson, Hinook, to the celebration." Hinook looked into the wise, old eyes of his Grandfather. Between them passed a common bond. Hinook was so excited he wanted to jump and run, but his Grandfather's eyes told him that he must remain silent for this was an historic moment. No one had ever left the tribe for more than a three-day trip. Hinook would be gone for at least one moon and maybe more.

That evening the tribe had settled around the fires. Hinook felt a singing within himself. He was happy. Now as the little breezes blew the last daylight out across the salt water towards the sun's bed, the heart of Hinook seemed to grow large. It seemed to crowd inside his chest.

"Come, my son," Grandfather said to Hinook, and the boy was startled. But only for an instant. He went quickly to stand before his Grandfather. His heart beat loudly within him. He knew his Grandfather was going to give him his important orders.

"Tomorrow, my boy," Grandfather spoke quietly, "I want you to go over the mountains." He paused, searching the boy's face. Then he continued, "You are to take this totem stick and leave it with our friends as a gift. This trip will make you strong and manly."

The boy stood straight and held his head up proudly. He knew the meaning of these orders. He knew someday while on such a journey his totem spirit would speak to him. The totem spirit would come in the form of an animal or bird or fish. Whichever it might be, it would be his guiding spirit throughout his life. That would be his totem. It would watch over him and care for him. And when he grew to manhood, he would carve his guardian spirit on his own totem post inside the house.

"Here is the totem stick," said Grandfather, giving Hinook a stick with many carvings upon it. The boy's hand trembled as he reached for the treasured stick. He carefully put it away with those things he would take on his journey, then laid down to rest until the sun began to come up over the dunes.

Hinook left his home and family very early the next morning. He slipped onto his pony and stole silently out of camp before any of the others had arisen. He gloried in the warmth of the sun and the freedom he felt as he traveled. He ate little on his journey, instead he fed on the beauty that surrounded him. Each night he would camp and sit and ponder what he had seen that day. When evening came he would take out the totem and study the figures. Each figure gave him a feeling of great strength and power. He followed the carvings with his fingers. He let his thoughts go soaring again, hunting for his own spirit, wishing it would come to him.

"But I am much too young," he told himself. "I cannot expect it so soon. Grandfather says sometimes it takes many, many moons before a totem spirit settles down upon the body and makes it his own spirit. I must come many times and call to my guardian. Someday he will answer. He will talk to me and then I will know. But until that time comes I must go on searching for my guardian spirit."

A fluttering rustle of feathers broke into Hinook's thoughts. He glanced about him. He could see nothing at all. His heart beat fast. Could it be his guardian spirit near? No, he told himself, it was too soon.

Again he heard rustling feathers. This time he was sure he had heard it truly and not in his thoughts. He looked all about him. His face turned toward a dead cedar snag. There high on a limb he saw something dark moving silently. He watched. Moonlight caught the white head of a mighty eagle as he stretched one long wing and then the other. The huge bird shook himself to straighten his feathers, and settled back on the limb to sleep.

Hinook's eyes filled with wonderment. "I wonder," he whispered softly. "I wonder. No, I must not think of it. It is the eagle, the mighty hunter, waiting for dawn."

The boy sat quietly for some time, then he placed the totem stick where it would be safe, so Grandfather would know that he had taken very good care of it.

Hinook reached the Indians of Central Oregon. There were hundreds gathered for the celebration. He was given a place inside the big house.

Four huge fires were spread down the center of the long room. Young men brought heavy chunks of wood to pile on the fires. New flames licked out and round the chunks. Smoke, alive with sparks, curled and twisted up and out the open smoke holes in the roof. The air smelled of burning pitch. A faint mist of blue smoke shaded the corners, but the bright flames brought out coppery lights on the skins of the people sitting along the sidewalls.

Softly now, a low tum-tum-tum calling on the spirit of dance. Tamanawis sticks played their dry song in time with the drums. Pleading, seeking, begging the spirit of dance to come to them. Suddenly, a maddening tom-tom-tom filled the air, and as many dancers as there are fingers on the hand seemed to come from nowhere. They sprang, legs crouched, arms and fingers spread outward. Up and down, springing, each jump carrying them on around the row of fires. Their bare feet sent up puffs of dust.

Round and round they went, now running with feet lifting high, vibrating with short, low springs in the same spot. Now the arms told the story of the dance, first one up and then the other, then changing. Now turning, slowly, round and round, then faster and faster and faster. Then gaining more speed and out of sight beyond the ring of firelight. With three quick, hard beats the drums ceased.

The dancing continued far into the night. Hinook was filled with the wonder of it all.

The final day of the celebration arrived. At last Hinook would be able to give his tribe's gift. Everyone was in awe of the beautifully carved piece of alder.

All day long this went on. When all the guests had shared their gifts, it was time to start homeward. The horses were loaded and each person slowly went his way.

Hinook made his way home quickly. He was eager to share all he had seen and heard with his family. His Grandfather would want to hear all the news from distant tribes.

Hinook approached his village with joy in his heart. However, he was not greeted with the sound of barking dogs. The camp was empty. There were signs of a struggle but no one was to be seen. Hinook read the signs sadly. He recognized the marks of the Columbia tribe and realized that his family was no more.

Hinook has never left this land. His spirit still seeks the loved ones he lost, and it is said that on nights when the moon is full he still paddles his canoe alone mourning his loss.

The Little Beetle

This legend was told to a Navajo youngster who had not done as he should in some way. When the Indian child had misbehaved, the child was sent to a wise person in the tribe such as a grandparent or elder. They were reminded of their mistake and how they had displeased the Great Spirit. The child then went to a place of solitude away from the village where he was to be silent and think until the Wise One would come for him. Sometimes during the course of the day the following story might be told to the youngster.

When the Great Spirit first created the earth and everything in it, He gave a task to every creature. No matter what the job, all tasks were equally important.

Now you may have seen a little black beetle walking around at some time. If you bother him he stops, puts his head to the ground, and his rear end up in the air. Many people call him a stink bug, although he doesn't always stink.

According to the Navajo story, this little beetle was not always black but originally had a shiny coat of white. The white beetle was given the very important job of placing the stars in the sky each night. It was necessary for him to perform his task correctly or the night would be pitch-black with no light at all on moonless nights.

The beetle was very pleased to have such an important job to do and set about learning to do his job perfectly. Each evening as the sun was about to set in the west, the little white beetle would take a specially woven, large basket full of shining stars and fly out to the darkest part of the sky in the east. Very carefully he would place each star and planet in its place, working his way across the sky as it grew darker. As he progressed you could see the nice straight rows of shining stars all across the sky. Finally, as the sky became completely dark, all the stars were in their places, lighting the night sky so all could see.

Once his night job was completed the little beetle could rest. However, as dawn began to lighten the sky in the east, he would have to be alert again and ready to collect the stars. He would pick up his star basket and fly to the eastern sky and begin to pluck the stars from their places, carefully polishing them and laying them gently in the basket. By the time the sun was appearing over the horizon all the stars were collected and safely put away until nightfall.

During the day the beetle could enjoy his friends and have a little play time. Yet, he always was ready for his job that evening.

After some time the little white beetle became very efficient in his job and found that he could place the stars in the sky a little faster and collect and polish them more rapidly. This gave him a little more time for his rest and play time. He was very proud that he had such an important job and often bragged about it.

One night the beetle was working so quickly he didn't quite get all the stars in their straight rows. This displeased the Great Spirit and upon calling this to the beetle's attention, the stars were quickly straightened. Another time the Great Spirit noticed the stars weren't all shining as brightly as they used to. It seemed the little beetle was polishing them much too quickly.

One morning the white beetle gathered the stars just as rapidly as he could because that day he had big plans with his friends. All day they played and were having a wonderful time. He was sure of himself and knew he would get to work on time. Suddenly the little beetle looked up. "Oh, no!" The sky was completely dark! He was late and no stars were there to light his way. The beetle ran and grabbed his basket as fast as he could. Hurriedly, he began tossing the stars to their places, realizing they weren't in their rows but he could take care of that later. In his haste he suddenly tripped and fell, spilling all the rest of the stars across the sky in a big stream. Now he did it!

The Great Spirit looked down on the little beetle. "Little White Beetle, the stream of stars you spilled across the sky will remain forever." (Today we call it the Milky Way.) "All the stars will remain where you placed them." (Those we call constellations.) "Some of them will not be as shiny as others because you failed to polish them properly. From this time on you will no longer be able to fly and your shining white coat will be as dark as you left the night. Whenever any creature comes near you will bow your head in shame. It is important that all of my creatures carry out their jobs to the best of their ability. No job is more important than any other nor is any creature more important than another."

Now it is time for you to ponder the words of the Wise One as the Navajo youngster did.

The Lost Skier

Last winter, one of our favorite counselors was skiing in the Alps. All was going well until he got off the beaten path and proceeded to get lost. Jim (you can supply your own name) wondered around the mountainside for four days, almost dying of hunger and cold, before he stumbled across a small inn.

The innkeeper invited Jim in and asked him what he would like for dinner. Anything would have tasted good to Jim, but he asked the innkeeper what the specialty of

the house was. The innkeeper replied that while all of their food was marvelous, most people thought their fish and chips were fantastic; so, of course, that is what Jim ordered.

When the food arrived, Jim wolfed it down, thinking he had never tasted finer food. After a second and third helping, Jim asked the way to the kitchen, saying, "I must congratulate the chef."

The innkeeper replied that that would be impossible since the fish and chips were prepared at a monastery five miles further up the mountain. Nevertheless, Jim felt he would be remiss if he did not congratulate the chef, so he pulled on his boots and down jacket and headed up the steep, narrow trail through the blizzard toward the monastery. After several hours, he arrived at the giant stone structure and banged on one of the large, metal door knockers. Eventually, a little man in a brown robe came to the door to see who was there.

Jim said, "Pardon me, sir, but are you the fish fryer?"

"No," the little man replied, "I'm the chip-monk."

The Monkey's Paw

Caution: Not recommended for younger campers

There was a small, isolated village near a stream of swiftly flowing water, and the stream was ideal for the mill which was the principal industry of the town. Grain was ground into flour in the mill.

A family in the village had worked at the mill for two generations. The father had worked at the mill and retired, but now his son continued to work there and supported his parents. They were a good family. They got together often and would sit around the fireplace talking about life in the village and countryside and the work at the mill.

It came to pass that one year an old friend of the family, a sea captain by trade, had come to visit. He stayed with them for a few days. The last night before the captain was to return to his ship he brought out a token from one of his trips to India. The token was a small, shriveled-up hand of a monkey. He related that he received the paw from an Indian magic man, called a fakir, who told him the paw had magical powers and that it granted its owner three wishes. The sea captain said he had never tried to use the paw; he didn't believe in that sort of a thing, and besides, he was too busy to worry about a monkey's paw. To him, it was just a souvenir, a trinket, a relic of India, and he wanted to give it to the family for being such gracious hosts while he was visiting.

The man and his son were overwhelmed; they thought it was a wonderful gift and they placed it on the mantle over the fireplace. The wife, however, could not stand it. It was shriveled and gnarled; the hand was clenched like a fist. She thought it looked hideous.

The sea captain left the next day. The son went off to work at the mill at the crack of dawn, as he was apt to do. The man and his wife went about their work in the home and puttering around the garden.

At the noon hour when they had finished eating and were retiring to the living area of the house, the father remembered how much his wife hated the paw. He reached up on the mantle and grabbed it, waving it around in front of her. She let out a shriek and jumped back, recoiling in mock terror.

"Just for fun let's make a wish," he said.

"You don't really believe that story?" she replied.

"Well, I don't know if I believe it or not. Let's make a wish and see. I wish we had $50,000."

All of a sudden the man let out a yell and dropped the paw. Right there on the floor the paw opened and closed, opened and closed, opened and closed, the little shriveled fingers bending outward flattening the hand and closing again, three times.

"Did you see that? The hand moved. The hand couldn't have moved. Don't tell me that hand moved!" But it had moved. The man reached down and picked it up. It was motionless again.

"Put it back on the mantle! I don't want to see that thing again!" she said.

So he put it back on the mantle. He couldn't believe what they had witnessed, and as they stood facing the fireplace a knock came at the door.

"See who is at the door," she said.

The man opened the door and there stood a neatly dressed, rather small, conservative gentlemen, very reserved and unsmiling.

"May I come in?" he asked. "My name is Mr. Smith. I'm from the mill."

"Please come in," he said. "Is it about our son?"

"I don't know how to say this," Mr. Smith began, "so I'll get right to the point. There has been an accident."

"An accident? What's happened? What's wrong with our son?"

"Your son has been seriously injured in an accident at the mill. It seems that his coat got caught in one of the gear works of the grinder and as it clasped the material of his coat he tried to free himself...I can't go on...it pulled him into the mill. By the time we could get things stopped, it was too late; we couldn't save him. We're very sorry. I expect there will be a settlement, perhaps as much as $50,000. We're very sorry."

At the mention of the $50,000, the woman fainted. Her husband fell to his knees and began to cry. He couldn't believe what he had heard. The man from the mill turned and left, quietly closing the door behind him.

"The monkey's paw. You should never have used the monkey's paw," the woman cried. "It gave us exactly what we wanted. That horrible thing killed our son, but we will get the $50,000. Blood money! It's horrible!"

The father went to the mill and claimed his son's remains. It was a dreadful day.

It was the practice in the early days of our country to bury the dead immediately. The funeral was held for the boy and there was much grief.

Many sleepless nights went by and there was no happiness in the house. One night as they were lying in bed the moon was shining through one of the windows. The man couldn't sleep and neither could his wife. Suddenly she said to her husband, "I want him back! I want my son back!"

Her husband did not answer; he knew she could not have her wish. He didn't feel her get out of bed but he heard the door to the bedroom shut as she went down the stairs to the fireplace. He followed her down and found her grasping the monkey's paw in her hand.

She said, "I want my son back!" Again the paw opened and closed, opened and closed, the little fingers opening and tightening again. Three times. Then the paw was motionless. She put it back on the mantle and went back to bed.

Something strange happened. After so many sleepless nights they both fell sound asleep. Sometime later in the night they heard the sound of someone coming down the street. It wasn't a definite sound; in fact, it was rather faint, barely perceptible in the stillness. Painstakingly, slowly, it came closer and became louder, and after several minutes of wondering what they were hearing, they began to make out the sound of scraping on the pavement. It was as if a heavy sack of flour of some large weight

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was dragging itself along the ground. It was geting louder and louder.

A cold chill went up the man's spine when he heard the gate open. He knew it was his gate because of the familiar squeak of the rusty hinges. The sliding and scraping came closer to the house over the ground of the walkway. It seemed to slide a few feet and stop, slide a few feet and stop, slide a few feet and stop.

He said, "Oh, my God!"

His wife sat up in bed. "He's come back," she said. "Our beloved son has come back, and I'm going down to greet him."

"Don't go! Don't go!" shouted her husband. "It's not our son."

"But he's back, he's here. You can hear him out there. He's coming. He wants us. He needs us. I'm going down to meet him."

"Don't go! Please, don't go," he begged.

"But he's our son. We can't turn him away now that he's back." She flew out of bed and ran for the door, and right behind her running down the stairs was her husband. As he stumbled through the darkness across the living room running for the front door, he grabbed the monkey's paw from the mantle and said, "Take him away."

The monkey's paw opened and closed the customary three times. He threw the horrible thing into the glowing embers of the spent fire. The paw sizzled and burned and disintegrated to ash. The door opened and there they saw a pool of blood on the front porch of the house.

The Neighbors

Many years ago out on the prairie, an old man used to spend much of his time on the front verandah of the corner store. As he sat there he would recall his youth when he opened up a new section of the land, and he had many stories to tell of the early pioneering days.

Quite frequently he was joined on the verandah by the son of the storekeeper who used to like to listen to the old man's yarns.

One day as they sat there in the cool of the evening, along came a horse-drawn farm wagon, loaded with beds and chairs, tables and all the belongings of a farm family. The man brought his team to a halt, jumped off the wagon, and addressed the old gentleman with the following words:

"Sir, you seem like the kind of man who knows this country, and I would like to get your advice. I have left my farm because where I was living, the neighbors were most mean and uncooperative and so I decided to look for a new place. Can you tell me if the neighbors here are good and whether I should settle here?"

The old man pushed his hat back on his head, scratched the ring of gray hair at the back, and then slowly answered:

"The neighbors here are not very good either. I would suggest you look for a farm somewhere else."

The man went back to his team and soon disappeared along the dusty road.

About eight weeks later, when the harvest was nearly complete, the old man and the young boy were sitting on the steps again, and since this was an important thoroughfare, many people passed by that corner. One evening, a somewhat dilapidated truck rattled down the road and come to a screeching halt when it reached the store. It was piled full of household goods, including the doghouse which was perched on the front top of the load. In the front was a woman with three small children and they all got out to stretch their legs. The driver of the truck approached the old man and told him:

"I have been on a farm for six years, but the man who rented it to me decided that he wanted to return to his farm and so he asked me to leave. It was a good farm, and I had some excellent neighbors and we used to help one another with all our farm work. I am very anxious to find another farm and good neighbors, and I wonder if this would be a good neighborhood to settle in."

The old man took his pipe out of his mouth and said:

"My young man, the neighbors here are very kind and very good, and I am sure if you settle in this area you will be very well pleased."

The man and his family went into the store to make further enquiries and the young boy turned to the old man saying:

"Pop, I don't understand you. A few weeks ago you told the man with the team of horses that the neighbors around here were mean and ornery; now you are telling this man that the neighbors are kind and cooperative. How can you be so contradictory?"

The old man turned to the boy and said:

"My dear lad, if a man had good neighbors in one place, he is going to have good neighbors wherever he goes; and if he has bad neighbors in one place, he will have bad neighbors anywhere else."

The Peace Daughters Of King Capilano

(We wish to thank Julia M. Seton for permission to use this story from her book, *Trail and Camp-Fire Stories,* published by Willing Publishing Co., San Gabriel, California.)

Those of use who have been privileged to enter Vancouver from the west will remember the two great peaks—twin peaks that rise high above the other mountains. They are draped in lasting white and stand side by side, looking out across the sundown sea. The white men call them the "Lions of Vancouver," for they are in some sort like twin sphinxes.

But Teka Hionwake (Pauline Johnson in white man's speech), the Indian girl who told us this tale, had been misled by her white schoolteacher when she so called them. She was sitting by her Squamish foster-mother as she said it. The old woman's eyes tightened up a little in protest, and her head shook vigorously in disapproval.

"Why, Mother?" said the girl. "Are they not 'The Lions?'"

"Nay, Hiona," said the old woman, using the pet name which meant that at least she was not displeased with the girl.

"Some day maybe I shall tell you," said the foster-mother. And Hiona knew better than to try to drag out the story, for any such attempt would have shut up the old woman like a clam that is rudely touched.

No, she wisely set the kettle on the fire and made some tea, then said, "Mother, will you have some tea?"

The old woman's eyes sparkled—she was pleased with the tea and with the attention. After she had drunk a cup, and the girl had lighted her pipe for her and shown eagerness to hear, the old Indian woman began.

Long before the white man came, there arose a mighty war-chief to be King of our Squamish Tribe. Capilano they called him, a man of great strength and of wisdom matched to his strength. He never sent out a war canoe but it was full of warriors. Every warrior was trained, and every quiver was full of arrows; each man had all the weapons that could help him to win. And ever they won. Village after village they took; tribe after tribe was overcome. When they found brave fighting men among the enemies, they adopted them into the Squamish nation; but when they found cowards, they slew them or brought them back as slaves.

And ever the power of King Capilano grew. His war canoes went up the coast even farther, conquering and possessing, till they reached the Snowland that you call Alaska. And ever southward his armies forced their way, till they conquered and passed to the far Sunland that you call Mexico.

Then did he what never man had done before. Eastward he led his men on foot, and climbed the great Snow Peaks that none had ever climbed. They reached the Buffalo Plains and met the Buffalo Indians. These they routed in battle after battle, for each of the King's men was a hero. Great bands of warriors were added to Capilano's army, and spoils without number: buffalo robes for all who wished them, and great treasures of weapons, wampum, beautiful vessels, lodges, canoes, and slaves. Many more longhouses did the King build for the keeping of his treasures, and ever they were filled, and filled to overflowing.

Yea, all the earth now owned the sway of the mighty Capilano. All the world was his. Never before had so great a king been known; never one so blessed by the gods of war and plenty. All good things were his; yea, every good thing, but one—the King had no child.

This was indeed a terrible grief to him, and ever he prayed to Segalie-Tyee, the Great Spirit, that the cloud of sorrow might be rolled away. But the years went by; the kingdom grew mightier—and still Capilano had no child.

Then old Mowula the Shaman, the wise medicine man, went up high into the Snow Peaks and built a fast-lodge. For three days and three nights he fasted and prayed that the way of wisdom might be made plain. On the fourth day, he stood again before Capilano and said:

"Oh, King Capilano, I have fasted and prayed in the high mountains. On the third night the Voices came, and they made clear to me the way. This is their message: 'When Capilano gives to the Great Spirit his chiefest treasure, then shall he receive the things he desires, and in the measure that is best for him to have.'"

Capilano's heart was filled with joy. At once he bethought him of his best treasures. Long ago, a strange war canoe had been wrecked on the coast. It was far bigger than the biggest war canoe of the Squamish. Indeed, it was built not of one trunk, but of many trees bound together. The warriors in it were of a strange race, and all were killed by the storm. Among the things washed upon the beach was a huge caldron of shining red metal. This was now in the treasure house of the King, his chief treasure, his most prized possession.

Capilano bade them bring the caldron. Then, with his war captains and wise men about him, he led the way up the river to the mountains where they are gashed two thousand feet deep by the mighty Fraser Canyon. Far down was the green and white flood; towering far above, the eternal Snow Peaks. And ever the voice of the Great Spirit rumbled there, proclaiming his presence.

Then, at the King's bidding, they lighted a little fire of cedar bark, and when it blazed brightly, the King took a pinch of tobacco from his pouch and dropped it on the flames. Soon there rose a long blue thread of incense smoke, ever the symbol of prayer, for it rises from the mystery of the fire below to the far mystery of the All-Above. And before it stood the King, and prayed as the Indian prays, with feet together, head erect, and hands reaching out as if to receive from his Father a blessing which he knows he will receive. And this was his prayer:

"Oh, Sagalie-Tyee, Great Spirit, hear me! Behold, I give to you the thing which is my best treasure. In all my kingdom I have no other thing I prize as much. Will you not in return give me that which above all things is my desire? Will you not now send to me a child, to carry on when I shall have passed to other worlds?"

He took the copper caldron in his own hands and hurled it over the brink. Far, far down it fell, to be swallowed up in the boiling flood.

Now the King's soul was lifted up. He knew that he had done well. He went back with a lighter heart to his war councils and his hunting.

So a year passed away. Then the great and wonderful thing for which he had prayed was surely coming to pass.

In his lodge sat the great King smoking, waiting eagerly for the coming of the old wise woman. She came at last and stood before him. He tried to seem unmoved, but his hand and his lips trembled as he removed the pipe, and said: "Well?"

"Good news, O King! The Great Spirit hath heard your prayer and answered it." But there was a note of reserve in the woman's voice.

"What is it? Speak out," commanded Capilano.

"Not a child, O King, but twins are born in answer to your prayer." But still there was something in the woman's voice which disturbed him—a doubt in her face. The King caught it, and cried out in savage terror: "What? Do they not live?"

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"Yes, O King, alive and strong. But—but—both are girls."

For a moment the King was dashed with disappointment. But he quickly recovered and said: "Never mind, they are mine own children. They shall be brought up as becomes their station. Each of them shall marry a great war-chief, and two lines of warriors descended from Capilano shall rule the earth."

The girls were brought up with every good thing that power could give: the best of training and the wisdom that befits a woman and a princess royal were abundantly theirs. They grew up beautiful young women, beloved by all who knew them, worshipped by their father, and altogether worthy of his love.

When they were sixteen years of age, accounted marriageable women, the King, according to custom, gave a great Potlatch, a feast that should be a worthy celebration.

The King had grown ever greater and richer, and at that Potlatch were gathered more great warriors and wise councilors than it was believed could be found in all the world. A new longhouse was built for that day; there was none big enough in the village.

Bright new cedar mattings were spread on the ground, and food of every famous kind was in abundance. Sea and land, river and forest yielded their tribute. Vessels of wonderful make and of strange metals were there.

The guests were worthy of the feast, and waiting on them were hundreds of war-slaves brought from other lands.

At one end sat the Great King; and opposite, at the other end, the two beautiful, blushing maidens. Proud beyond words was Capilano. This seemed indeed the crowning day of his life, with all the world to do him homage and his two lovely daughters entering womanhood, ready indeed for the crowning of his hopes.

And he was wise, too, in his hoping. He knew the instincts that were ready stirring to serve his purpose. He had not overlooked any move in the game.

Next to one beautiful daughter, Wihla, he had seated Young Kaga, only twenty-five years of age but already a famous war-chief, whose title was "The Fifty-Killer." He was tall and handsome to look upon, pleasing of speech, beloved of women. And the King, watching, mightily rejoiced when he saw the tender glances and whisperings that passed between Young Kaga and the maid.

By Wihuash, the other daughter, he had placed Kalek, an older man than Kaga but still in his prime, the most famous of all the war chiefs. His title was "The Hundred-Killer," and in power he stood next to the King. In Capilano's absence, he it was that ruled. And the crafty old King was pleased when he saw the great Kalek and the Princess whispering together and eating from the same bowl.

The medicine he had planned was working; now surely the last and greatest of his hopes was to be realized. And Capilano smiled for gladness. When the feast was over, and the sacred pipe smoked around, the King spoke thus:

"My War-Chiefs, my councilors, my people, ye are here assembled for the great Potlatch, the coming-out feast of my two daughters. They are now to be accounted marriageable women: and on this Potlatch Day, I promise them that they may ask whatsoever they will, and I will grant it to the uttermost."

Then stood up those two bright-eyed and comely daughters, and whispered together. And one, speaking for both, said: "Is it true, O Father, that we may ask whatsoever we will, and you will grant it?"

"Absolutely," said the father, "without let or hindrance. And I alone, on all the earth, could make such promise. There is nothing that I, the King, cannot grant, there is nothing that you may not ask this day. I, Capilano, have spoken."

He knew perfectly well what they were going to ask. Had he not planned and watched it? Had he not cleverly guided and led them into it? Without being told, he could see that one daughter was going to say: "Give me this day to Kaga for his wife." He knew the other would say: "Let me this day be affianced to Kalek." The happiness of the King was complete.

Then spoke one daughter for both: "This then, O Father, is the request of your two daughters.

"That you set free these slaves who have waited on us today, and send them back to their own people. And send them back not empty-handed, but load them with gifts, and give them safe conduct. And send by them a message of comfort to their people, to say that never more need they fear the warriors of Capilano. And send out also your swiftest scouts after the war canoes up the coast and down the coast, and after the war parties over the Snow Peaks, and bid them stop all fighting, yea, even though they be at the moment of a great victory. They shall stop the fight, set free the captives, return their spoils, bid the conquered foe have no more fear. And proclaim throughout all the earth that the end of war is decreed. Now shall there be only peace and goodwill for the Peace of Capilano is over all the world so long as the name and power of Capilano shall endure.

"This, O Father, is the wish of your two daughters."

The king sprang to his feet and staggered as though he had been clubbed. He seized his own hair plaits in his hands, and strained at them, as he glared away over the heads of his daughters and gritted his teeth. All about were dumb with amazement and fear.

In the silence at last the King spoke, and his words hissed out like separate arrows: "My daughters! My daughters! Ye have brought me very low. All my life have I been a fighting man. My chiefest joy has been to stand in the prow of my great war canoe and lead my band of heroes in the glory of the fight. My hope has been to have a son, a fighting man, who would take up the bow and spear when my hand became too weak and weary, to carry on the name and fame of Capilano, King of all the earth.

"My hope and last wish was that when my time came, I should get out the old war canoe and man it with those that are left of my old fighting crew; and standing in the prow, I should shoot and fight—and fighting, die. This was my dream of a finish worthy of a great King.

"And now ye have reft me of that joy."

There was a pause, in which not a sound was heard in that hall of feasting. Then the King went slowly on: "Nevertheless, I have given my word. The word of a great King cannot be broken.

"Go forth, ye slaves, ye are free. Go see to all their wants, you my brave warriors. Send blessed medicine tokens with them, my wise men. Go forth, ye scouts, after every war party, a trusty scout to proclaim the end of war, the Peace of Capilano. Go!"

They stared at him in awe, but made no move.

"Go!" thundered the King. "Must Capilano speak twice?" And he reached for his war bow and a handful of arrows.

They sprang to their feet to obey. He glared around till the warriors all had gone. Only the councilor and the old Shaman Mowula remained.

With rolling eyes and moving but silent lips, the King glared around the empty hall, tottered, staggered, fell forward, and lay still on the matting.

There was a dead hush and a long, long pause. Then old Mowula went slowly forward. He raised up the King so all could see his face, and they knew that Great Capilano was dead.

Then, in the Snow Peaks far beyond, there came the rumbling of a mighty thunder. And a cloud came rolling down between the peaks. It filled the valley and the canyon. It filled the village and the hall of feasting. The

thunder grew louder and shaped itself into a voice. And all knew it for the voice of Sagalie-Tyee, the Great Spirit.

Ever louder it sounded in the Feast Hall, and spoke:

"My daughters, ye have done that for which ye were sent. Come now back to me, and I will set ye on high, a monument for all time."

The voice ceased, and when the cloud had rolled away, the two beautiful daughters of the King were gone.

But that day, there appeared two new and glorious peaks in the sea chain of the mountains, higher than those around, twin peaks, looking alike, tall and stately as two women, draped from crown to waist with eternal snow, and looking forever across the sundown sea.

The white men call them the Lions of Vancouver; but we Indians know better. We know that they are the Peace Daughters of King Capilano.

The Perfumed Lake

Once upon a time in faraway India, a prince dreamed of having a garden surpassing all gardens in loveliness. In the very center of it was a beautiful lake. It was a very strange lake, however, different from all others he had ever seen, for its water was rare perfume, the sweet scent of which filled the garden.

When he awoke, he wondered how he could make his dream come true, for he did not have enough wealth to fill such a lake with perfume. For a long time he thought and thought, and then the idea came to him that he would ask each person in the surrounding country on an appointed day to bring a small vial of perfume and empty it into the lake.

So, word was sent out that on a certain day the prince was to give a great party to which those who were invited would bring a small vial of sweet-scented perfume. The people were excited over the invitation and looked forward with great happiness to the day when they could visit the far-famed garden of the wealthy prince.

On the day set, a great caravan of happy people wended its way toward the home of the prince. Some came on donkeys, some on camels, and some trudged along the dusty road, but all, rich and poor, were merry, and in the hand of each was a small vial. When they arrived, they were guided to the center of the garden where they emptied the contents of their vials into the lake.

To the astonishment of the prince, however, there was no miracle of lovely perfume. Wondering, he stepped to the lake, and taking some of the liquid in a cup, found that it was just ordinary water, nothing more.

Then he discovered what had happened. Each of his guests had had the same thought. To themselves they had said, "This vial is so small. It will make little difference what I fill it with. Among so many my gift of perfume will not be missed. So I'll fill my vial with water." Each one had brought water, and lo, instead of a sweet-scented lake, the prince had but a lake of water.

"My part will not be missed. It won't make any difference whether I go or not." Have you ever said that? And have you brought to an undertaking only water of inaction instead of the perfume of your part well done?

This world is made up of a great many small things. Suppose each leaf on a tree were to say to itself some night, "I am only a leaf; I might as well wither and fall off." The next morning the beautiful tree in your front yard would have no leaves. Every leaf is necessary to the life of a tree.

Or supposing each string of a harp were to think, "I am only one of so many strings. I'll just grow flabby and stop playing." What would happen to the beautiful music of the harp? There would be none, of course, for the music of the harp depends upon each string's doing its part.

The Pioneers

Tonight, I would like to tell you a story about a group of pioneers who were traveling from the Midwest to California by wagon train in the early days of the West. They had been traveling for many weeks and had endured many hardships when they arrived at a beautiful and fertile valley in the Rocky Mountains. They were greeted by a group of friendly Indians who invited them to eat and dance with them that evening. After a wonderful evening of feasting and sharing stories. the Indians said that they would like to give a special gift to the settlers. The leader of the Indians told them that the gift was magic and would make them very happy, yet very sad. The gift was in three boxes which were loaded into the back of one of the wagons and soon forgotten.

When the pioneers were crossing a great mountain pass several days later, they ran into difficulty with the wagons and had to abandon all but the bare necessities. They pulled out the boxes which had been all but forgotten and were ready to throw them out, when they noticed that the boxes contained rocks loaded with gold ore. After the initial excitement, they remembered what the leader of the Indians had said, that the gift would make them first happy, then sad. They thought about it and realized that what he meant was that they would be very happy to have the gold, yet sad that they had not taken more while they were there.

Like that wagon train of settlers, we should also be happy, yet sad. We should be happy that we have had a chance to camp in this beautiful place these past few days, with all of the opportunities to make new friends, learn new skills, and have loads of fun. All the same, we should be at least a little sad that we have not taken even greater advantage of the opportunities we have had to grow into better persons than we were when we arrived here at camp.

The Scream Of The Eagle

Many years ago a tribe of Indians inhabited this land. The tribe was peaceful and productive, largely due to the wisdom of its leaders. When the tribe would meet in council, the men and women would discuss how best to assure their safety and health and how best to understand nature which provided them with so many useful gifts.

There was one man in the tribe, however, who was not content. He was forever asking questions which were difficult to answer. For instance, when the first rain of spring began to melt the snow, he was not content to enjoy the new warmth but would ask the elders, "Why is it not warm all season long?" This is a difficult question, and the tribe would murmur with discomfort. When the moon was just a sliver in the sky, he would ask the council, "Why can't the moon be forever full so that we may hunt at night?" This, too, is a difficult question, and the elders and the chief were hard-pressed to find an answer.

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One night, when the entire tribe sat in council and the man had stumped the elders with his questions, the chief rose in the silence and addressed the tribe thus: "As Dark Crow (for so the man was called) asks these questions, and as we have no answer, it is my duty as chief to search for the truth that we may be content. I shall go with my medicine and search for the spirits of nature who may satisfy us." With this the chief prepared for his journey and set out alone in the woods.

The first night of his journey, the chief sat on a mossy rock and watched the night descend on the wilderness. The animals which lived by day began retiring to their shelters, and those which lived by night began to emerge and make the forest a friendly place. As the chief sat pondering the curious way of the world, it was not long before the moon rose with its pure, white light. The chief, observing this, earnestly addressed the moon. "Oh Moon, why is your light so pure and white?"

Now, the light of the moon is pure and white because that is its nature. But the moon, wishing to please the chief, replied, "Chief, my light is pure and white so that I may look upon it and be glad."

The chief said, "That makes a lot of sense," and was happy for this information.

The next morning the chief arose to the first light of the sun which warmed the earth with its rays. The chief felt the warmth of the sun and addressed the sun thus: "Oh, Sun, why are your rays so warm?"

Now, the rays of the sun are warm simply because it is the sun, and it is the nature of the sun to shine warmly. But the sun, wishing to make the chief happy, replied after thinking, "Chief, my rays are warm so that you and your people may awake in the morning with comfort."

Later in the day, the chief heard the sound of a woodpecker in a large oak tree, and the sounds the bird made were busy and musical. The chief, hearing the sounds of the bird, asked the woodpecker this question: "Oh Woodpecker, why are your sounds in the tree so busy and musical?"

Now, the sounds of the woodpecker are busy and musical because a woodpecker is a woodpecker, and that is its nature. But the woodpecker, wishing to please the chief, replied, "Chief, my sounds are busy and musical so that you and your people may hear my song in the forest and be merry because of it."

"That is a fine answer," said the chief, "and it makes sense." The chief was pleased with this information and told the woodpecker so.

But it was later that evening, just as the sun was setting and the moon rose, that the chief, reflecting on all that he had learned, felt a strange sadness and dissatisfaction with the lessons of the sun, the moon, and the woodpecker. That the elements of the wilderness meant only to please was nice, but was this an answer for his people to live with?

As the chief sat lost in these thoughts, he glanced up and saw a sharp granite peak rising to the west of the clouds, and, on an impulse, he set out to climb it. Several hours later, he was scrambling up the last boulders that marked the summit of the peak. The view from the top was immense and exhilarating, for the chief could see miles of forest, patches of meadow, and a steely blue ribbon of river meandering out of sight into the horizon. Suddenly, a swift shadow fell out of the sky, and the chief heard the wild and awesome scream of an eagle which was circling the summit of the peak.

"Oh Eagle, " said the chief, "why is your scream so wild, and why does it fill me with awe?"

And the eagle replied, "Chief, my scream is wild and awesome because I am an eagle, the bird with the wild and awesome cry."

And as the chief heard these words and understood their importance, he felt the night breathe easily and all around him was calm.

The Second Mile

The great road that stretched for miles in both directions was crowded. Groups of people on foot traveled steadily onward. Donkeys, heavy-burdened, passed along. A long train of camels, with great bulky loads high on their backs, plodded by.

The boy, David, standing by the side of the road, watched everything with eager eyes.

"Someday, I'll follow the road on and on and on," he thought. "I'll follow it down to the Great Sea, and I'll not stop even there."

His eyes fell upon a single figure, walking along, along the crowded road. "He's a Roman soldier," thought David. "I can tell by the way he's dressed. How I hate the Romans! If it weren't for them we Jews would be free again. Then we shouldn't have to pay their taxes or obey their laws! I hate them all!"

He stared at the Roman soldier who was almost opposite him now in the road. Suddenly, the solider stopped. He shifted the heavy pack he carried, and eased it down to the ground. Then he straightened up again and stood resting a moment. David still stared at him, thinking angry thoughts. Then, just as the soldier turned to pick up his pack once more, he noticed David standing not far off. "Here, boy!" he called. "Come here!"

David wanted to turn and run, but he did not dare. No one dared to disobey one of the soliders of Rome. David went nearer, slowly. The soldier motioned to his pack. "You will carry it for me," he said.

Now, David well knew, there was no help for it. He knew the hated Roman law. Any Roman soldier could make any Jewish boy or man carry his load for him in any direction he was traveling for one mile. "But only for one mile!" thought David, angrily, as he unwillingly lifted the pack.

The soldier had already turned away and had started on along the road. He did not even bother to look back to see that David was following him. He knew that he would not dare do anything else.

David followed. The pack was heavy, but David was strong. He swung along easily, but his thoughts were angry. He wanted to throw the soldier's pack down in the dirt and stamp on it. He wanted to shout and rage at that hated Roman soldier striding easily ahead of him. But he could do nothing except follow along, keeping his bitter thoughts to himself. "Just one mile. He can't make me go a step further. Only one mile." The words made a sort of song in his mind in time to his steps. "One mile, one mile..."

Then, as he was plodding along, David suddenly remembered another day when he had walked along the same road. One day he had gone out a little way from the city with some of his friends, to find a young Teacher of whom they had heard. They had found him out on the hillside among a crowd of people. David had stopped with the others to listen to what he said.

"What made me think of him now?" wondered David with one part of his mind. Another part was still repeating over and over, "One-mile-one-mile-one-mile-"

"Of course," he remembered suddenly. "The Master used those very words. What was it He said about one mile?" He walked on frowning for a moment before he could remember. Then he said the words to himself: "Whosoever shall compel thee to go one mile, go with him two." That was what He said! David had not paid very much attention to it at the time. He remembered now other things the Master had said. "Love your enemies." "Do good to them that hate you." Then once more David found himself repeating the strangest of them

all, "Whosoever shall compel thee to go one mile, go with him two." "Does he mean—could he mean—like, now?" David puzzled. "But why? Why should I go more than one mile?"

David was so busy thinking that he did not notice that the soldier had stopped, and so he almost ran into him. "You have come a mile," said the soldier. "Give the pack to me."

"I will go on," said David. He did not know why he said it. "It has not seemed far; I am not tired."

The Roman stared at him in surprise, and for the first time David really looked into his face. He saw that the soldier was very young. He saw, too, that he was very, very tired, in spite of the straight soldierly way in which he stood.

"You have come a long way," said David.

"Yes, " said the other, "a weary way of many miles."

"Have you far to go?"

"I go to Rome."

"So far!" said David. "Then let me carry your pack another mile. There is no one here to take it for you. Another mile will be nothing."

"You are very kind," said the soldier, and his face was still full of surprise.

So they went on, only now, the Roman waited for David and walked beside him along the road. And suddenly, David found himself talking to the soldier as if they had known each other for a long time, and he told him all about his home and his family. He listened while the soldier talked of his travels in far places. They were so busy talking that the distance seemed short.

"Tell me," said the soldier at last, "how did it happen that you offered to come this second mile?"

David hesitated. "I hardly know," he said. "It must have been what the Master said, I think." Then he told the soldier all that happened out on the hill and all that he could remember of the Master's teaching.

"Strange," said the soldier thoughtfully. "Love your enemies. That's a hard teaching. I should like to know this Master."

They had come now to the top of a hill and the end of the second mile. David looked back along the road toward his home.

"I must go back," he said. "The hour is late, and my parents will wonder where I have gone."

The soldier took his pack and shouldered it again. The two clasped hands. "Farewell, friend," said the soldier.

"Farewell, friend," answered David, smiling up into the soldier's eyes. Then the two parted.

As David strode back along the road, the words of the Master kept running through his mind: "Whosoever shall compel thee to go one mile, go with him two." And as he repeated the words he found himself adding, with a strange, deep joy, "It works! There's something in it! I walked one mile with an enemy—I walked the second mile and found a friend."

The Skunk

Master of Chemical Warfare

I've always enjoyed the story that an Indian of the Baptist faith told me about the skunk. The Great Spirit, he said, was so overwhelmed with work on the day he had scheduled for the creating of the animals of North America that he was at his wit's end. Finally, after considerable hesitation, he assigned a share of the assembling process to his wife.

The Great Spirit carefully listed the names and specifications of the animals he wanted her to fashion. Then escorting her to a great tepee, her workshop, he explained how the various materials should be used. The Great Spirit issued a final word of advice:

"You are now in charge of this department. In assembling those beasts, take care not to show favoritism. Give to each a fair measure of strength and speed, of wit and wisdom. It is my will that all enter the earth on equal terms!"

But the woman did not pay strict heed to the Great Spirit's advice. For some time she had observed her husband's works with critical eyes, convinced that under feminine management the earth would be a far better planet.

First on her list were the canines. The woman fashioned the dog and found him a most engaging fellow. He licked her hand tenderly, wagged his tail enthusiastically, and obeyed her commands instantly. The dog proved a great help to her as she continued her creation chores. Saving her steps and effort, he ran errands between stockpile and assembly line, fetching to her the ribs, skulls, teeth, brains, fur, legs, hearts, livers, and other materials out of which beasts are made. So helpful and willing was the dog that the woman built into his body greater size and strength than the Great Spirit's specifications called for and inserted into his head an extra measure of brain. These bonuses made him even more efficient and helpful.

The canines which came after the dog, though less subservient, were craftier. While their cousin employed his legs, strength, and intelligence to run the woman's errands, they lingered by her side and showered her with flattery. The fox implied that she was beautiful; the wolf told her that she was good; and the coyote assured her that she was wise. And the Great Spirit's wife rewarded them all with intelligence and physical attributes beyond the specifications.

All proceeded harmoniously with the woman's creation activities, one species after another, until glancing at the Great Spirit's list, she found that she still had to form the final member of the weasel clan—the skunk, or, as they say in the tongue of the Abnakis, the segongwa. It was then that she noticed for the first time that her overly generous gifts to the others had nearly exhausted her stockpile. There was little left the skunk. The best manifestation of skunk she could achieve was a short-legged, squat creature whose waddling gait resembled that of a fat duck. Glancing sideways, she saw the tongues of wolf and coyote drool suggestively. She knew at once that it would never do to turn the skunk loose upon the earth so defenseless.

Recalling her blunder, the woman became frightened. The Great Spirit's anger, she knew from past experience, would be like that of thunder, lightning, and volcano.

She turned an anguished face toward the fox.

"What shall I do?" she sobbed.

"Just what you are now doing," replied crafty Reynard. "Only sob louder! The old man's a pushover for female tears."

The fox's counsel was wisdom itself. When the Great Spirit came rushing into the tepee and learned the cause of his wife's weeping, his anger was choked by compassion.

"Fear not, my goodness," he said tenderly, "I will see to it that the skunk survives upon the earth. For him I will make strong medicine!"

So saying, the Great Spirit took up his tools and scraped from the bottom of the stockpile enough materials to fashion a pair of grape-sized pouches. These he inserted under the skunk's tail. Then, bringing into play his vast knowledge of chemistry, he filled both pouches with gas of such overwhelming strength that it would instill fear into mouse and moose. And then, summoning his learning in ballistics, he supplied both pouches with muzzles so that

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the skunk could project with unerring accuracy his ammunition.

"Now," the Great Spirit said, hurrying from the tepee, "the skunk is well-prepared to deal with the world!"

The Spider

Caution: Not recommended for younger campers.

George Mitchell was a New York businessman with a strange hobby. George collected spiders. His goal was to have at least one of every kind of spider on the face of the earth. He had heard rumors of a strange and deadly spider that was supposed to be found only in the furthest reaches of the Amazon jungle. This spider allegedly caused a slow and painful death for its victims. Within hours of the time one is bitten, purple rings begin to form around each of the person's joints. Shortly thereafter, that portion of the body beyond the ring drops off. To make it even more horrible, the strange disease was also rumored to be contagious.

One day George received a report that one of the strange spiders had been captured and was for sale. Naturally, he caught the next plane for Brazil. While he was gone, his wife made the decision to leave him and marry his best friend, Sam. When Joe returned to New York City two weeks later, he was infuriated to get the news from his wife and decided to get revenge on Sam, whom he had liked and trusted. He was in such a rage that only one possible means of revenge seemed bad enough...the newly acquired spider. This would have the added advantage of allowing him to observe the ghastly results of the spider's bite.

That night, George broke into Sam's apartment and turned the little black spider loose. By morning, the eight-legged creature had done its job and Sam awoke with a large bite on his wrist. After a few minutes' search of the room, Sam found the spider and knew that his fate was sealed. George had told him that no cure was available for the deadly infection. Knowing that the terrible disease he was about to face was contagious, Sam decided that it was his obligation to get as far from civilization as possible.

When George arrived at Sam's apartment in mid-morning, he realized that he was too late. Finding the smashed spider on the floor, he could see that Sam had made a hasty exit. After a moment's thought, George picked up the phone and dialed his travel agent, whom he knew also made all of Sam's reservations.

"Yes," she replied, Sam had rung her just about two hours ago and asked her opinion on "a very remote area, where he could get away from it all." She had suggested the Black Hills of South Dakota and had booked him on a 10:15 flight to Rapid City. George inquired as to the next flight to Rapid City, not wanting to miss the joy of watching Sam die a slow, agonizing death. Unfortunately, the next flight was not until 5:30 that afternoon.

Meanwhile, Sam arrived in Rapid City and hurried over to the bus depot. The lady selling tickets thought that his request to go to the most uncivilized place around was a rather strange one, but nevertheless, she sold him a ticket to Deadwood on the bus that was leaving in ten minutes. Upon arriving in the small town, it took Sam only a few minutes to locate a miner's outfitter, who sold him a burro and a full set of camping equipment. Sam thought it was not a minute too soon, as he began to feel a strange numbness around the outermost joint of one of his index fingers and glanced down to note a bright purple ring forming.

Quickly hurrying down the trail into the desert wilderness, Sam contemplated his plans. He must get as far away as possible tonight since travel would be difficult tomorrow. By the time he set up camp, darkness was setting in and purple rings had formed around two of his toes and most of his fingers. By the time he crawled into his sleeping bag, three of his fingers had dropped off, leaving shiny stubs.

When he awoke the next morning, Sam had a difficult time fixing breakfast with only a couple of fingers remaining. Numbness had set in around both wrists and one ankle. Hurrying as fast as he could, he limped off across the desert, leaving most of his camping gear behind. By 10:00 a.m., he was dragging himself along on two stumps and, with rings forming around both knees, he knew he would not be able to go much further. Luckily, he spotted a cave, which he managed to crawl into to escape from the heat and find a good hiding place to spend the remaining few hours of his life. After ten minutes or so, his eyes became used to the subdued light and he dragged himself by superhuman effort up onto a ledge above the entrance to the cave.

George had arrived in Rapid City late the night before and had been forced to stay in one of the downtown hotels. The next morning he walked down the street to the bus depot and asked the woman selling tickets if she had seen Sam. Because of the strange request Sam had made, the woman immediately recalled selling him the one-way ticket to Deadwood. As George climbed on the bus two hours later, he smiled a secret smile, knowing that he was not far behind the victim and that he would have the satisfaction of witnessing the unique and painful death.

It did not take him long to locate Sam's jumping-off point, and the bewildered outfitter watched the strange little man from New York hastily walk off across the desert, still dressed in his dark business suit. Within an hour, George had located the campground, where he almost danced for joy at the sight of several stubs of fingers and toes lying about, along with the near-complete set of camping equipment.

Following Sam's trail was not difficult. Within an hour, George had spotted the burro grazing peacefully on a leafy bush. A few minutes' search uncovered the trail across the sand where Sam had crawled to the cave.

By the time George entered the cave, he was almost wild with jealousy and a crazed desire for revenge. As his eyes tried to adjust to the dim light, he didn't stand a chance of avoiding Sam's plunging body as it crashed down on him, infecting him with the terrible plague.

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The Stone Crusher

Long ago a young stone crusher lived on the side of a great mountain. Every day he struck the mountain with his hammer and broke off big rocks. He pounded these until they broke up into little rocks, and this was hard work. He put the little rocks into a sack and carried them down the mountain and across the valley to sell in the city. This was hard work, too. Even little rocks, when you carry many of them, are very heavy.

One day the young stone crusher was on his way to the city with his rocks, and he passed the beautiful palace of the rajah, or king. The rajah and his queen sat playing a game with small ivory blocks. They both looked very proud in their fine clothes, and they seemed to have nothing to do all day long but sit in the sun and play games.

"The rajah must be the greatest and most powerful person in the world," said the stonecrusher to himself. "If I had one wish, I would wish to be a mighty rajah who rules over many people and has a fine palace. I would wish to sit in the sun every day and play games with my queen."

At that very moment his wish came true. The young man found himself in the garden of a fine palace, sitting in the sun playing a game with his queen. They took turns moving the small ivory squares.

Before long the young stone crusher began to feel the burning rays of the sun. He grew hotter and hotter.

"Well now," said the stone crusher to himself, "I have just learned something I never knew before. A rajah is not the strongest man in the world. I know that because the sun can burn a rajah. So the sun must be stronger than a rajah. Oh, I wish I could be the sun so that I could make a rajah suffer from my heat."

The moment he made the wish, it came true, and he found that he was the sun high up in the sky. He sent his rays down everywhere and made the earth hot. Whenever he chanced to see a rajah sitting in the sun, he burned the rajah's skin.

"At last I can be happy," the stone crusher told himself, "because now I am surely the strongest thing in all the wide world."

"You the strongest thing in the world?" said a little cloud who happened to come floating along. "I should think not!"

"What can be stronger than the sun?" asked the stone crusher.

"I am," said the cloud. And to prove it, the little cloud moved under the sun so that the sun could no longer shine down on the earth. "Now you are so helpless," said the little cloud "that you can't even burn the skin of a rajah."

"Well then," said the stone crusher to himself, "it's plain to see that a little cloud is even stronger than the sun. It must be the strongest thing in the world. Oh, how happy I would be if I were a little cloud!"

Just as the stone crusher said these words his wish came true. He was changed into a little white cloud high in the blue, blue sky. Oh, how good it felt to float about here and there, and be so strong that he could even stop the sun from shining down on the earth!

The stone crusher sighed happily. "Surely now," he told himself, "I am the strongest thing in all this great wide world."

"Ho, ho!" said the wind. "What is that you say?"

"I say I'm the strongest thing in the world," repeated the stone crusher cloud, "because I can even stop the sun from shining down on the earth."

"You have no legs. You have no wings," said the wind. "You would be helpless without me to push you about. To prove it I am going to send you to the other end of the sky."

With one mighty puff the wind blew the fluffy little cloud to the far corner of the sky, and there was not a single thing the little cloud could do about it.

"What a weakling I am!" wailed the unhappy little cloud. "It's plain to be seen that the wind is much stronger than I am. Oh, I wish I had another wish. If I did, I'd wish I were the wind."

A moment later the stone crusher's wish was granted, and he became the wind. It was good to be the wind and have the whole wide sky for a playground. The stone crusher spent many hours blowing the clouds about from here to there, and from there to here.

He blew the trees until they bent over and their leaves trembled. He whistled and moaned around houses and rattled their windows. He swept over mighty oceans and made big waves that crashed like thunder against rocky shores.

"It's so much fun to be the wind," said the stone crusher aloud. "I'm so strong I can do anything, anything at all! Surely now I am the strongest thing in this whole wide world."

"You are not the strongest thing in the world," said a great gray mountain, whose sides were mighty cliffs of rock.

"No?" cried the wind in surprise. "Just what do you think is the strongest in the world?"

"I am," replied the mountain, "because I can stop the wind. You may be able to blow down houses and trees, but blow against me as hard as you like and as long as you like and you'll never be able to move me an inch."

Suddenly the stone crusher felt very unhappy, for he knew very well that the mountain spoke the truth. There was nothing on earth or in the skies strong enough to move a mighty mountain of solid rock. It seemed perfectly clear that the mountain was much stronger than the wind.

"Oh, if only I could be turned into a great gray mountain of solid rock!" said the unhappy wind to himself.

His wish came true in that same instant, and he found himself changed into the mightiest mountain in all the world. With his head far above the clouds, he could see great oceans and smaller mountains and distant green fields all about. How quiet it was up so high, and how peaceful! There was nothing at all to fear.

"Now I can be happy at last," the stone crusher told himself, "for now I am the strongest thing in all this great wide world."

But his happiness did not last very long. It came to an end the very day he saw the tiny figure of a man climbing the side of the mountain.

The man took a hammer and broke off big pieces of rock from the mountainside. He hammered the big rocks into little rocks. Then he carried them away in a sack to sell in the city at the far end of the valley.

"What a fool I have been!" said the mountain to himself. "I can now see very clearly that a man with a hammer is even stronger than a mountain. A man can break up a mountain, piece by piece, and carry it away. If only I could be a stone crusher again, I would never ask for another wish. I could live the rest of my days in happiness."

No sooner had he made the wish then it came true, and he was a stone crusher again. With his hammer he broke large pieces of rock from the mountain, pounded them into smaller pieces and carried them down the mountainside in a sack.

He hummed softly to himself as he walked. He felt very proud and very pleased with himself. He now knew for certain that he was the strongest thing in the whole wide world.

The Story Of The Old Ram

by Mark Twain

Every now and then, in those days, the boys used to tell me I ought to get one Jim Blaine to tell me the stirring story of his grandfather's old ram—but they always added that I must not mention the matter unless Jim was drunk at the time—just comfortably and sociably drunk. They kept this up until my curiosity was on the rack to hear the story. I got to haunting Blaine; but it was of no use, the boys always found fault with his condition; he was often moderately but never satisfactorily drunk. I never watched a man's condition with such absorbing interest, such anxious solicitude; I never so pined to see a man uncompromisingly drunk before. At last, one evening I hurried to his cabin, for I learned that this time his situation was such that even the most fastidious could find no fault with it—he was tranquilly, serenely, symmetrically drunk—not a hiccup to mar his voice, not a cloud upon his brain thick enough to obscure his memory. As I entered, he was sitting upon an empty powder keg, with a clay pipe in one hand and the other raised to command silence. His face was round, red, and very serious; his throat was bare and his hair tumbled; in general appearance and costume he was a stalwart miner of the period. On the pine table stood a candle, and its dim light revealed "the boys" sitting here and there on bunks, candle-boxes, powder-kegs, etc. They said:

"Sh—! Don't speak—he's going to commence."

I found a seat at once, and Blaine said:

"I don't reckon them times will ever come again. There never was a more bullier old ram than what he was. Grandfather fetched him from Illinois—got him off a man by the name of Yates—Bill Yates—maybe you might have heard of him; his father was a deacon—Baptist—and he was a rustler, too; a man had to get up ruther early to get the start of old Thankful Yates; it was him that put the Greens up to j'ining teams with my grandfather when he moved west. Seth Green was prob'ly the pick of the flock; he married a Wilkerson—Sarah Wilkerson—good cretur, she was—one of the likeliest heifers that was ever raised in old Stoddard, everybody said that knowed her. She could heft a bar'l of flour as easy as I can flirt a flapjack. And spin? Don't mention it! Independent? Humph! When Sile Hawkins come-a-browsing around her, she let him know that for all his tin he couldn't trot in harness alongside of her. You see, Sile Hawkins was—no, it warn't Sile Hawkins, after all—it was a galoot by the name of Filkins—I disremember his first name; but he *was* a stump—come into pra'r-meeting drunk, one night, hooraying for Nixon, becuz he thought it was a primary; and old Deacon Ferguson up and scooped him through the window and he lit on old Miss Jefferson's head, poor old filly. She was a good soul—had a glass eye and used to lent it to old Miss Wagner, that hadn't any, to receive company in; it warn't big enough, and when Miss Wagner warn't noticing, it would get twisted around in the socket, and look up, maybe, or out to one side, and every which way, while t'other one was looking as straight ahead as a spy-glass. Grown people didn't mind it, but it 'most always made the children cry, it was so sort of scary. She tried packing it in raw cotton, but it wouldn't work, somehow—the cotton would get loose and stick out and look so kind of awful that the children couldn't stand it no way. She was always dropping it out, and turning up her old deadlight on the company empty, and making them oncomfortable, becuz *she* never could tell when it hopped out, being blind on that side, you see. So somebody would have to hunch her and say, 'Your game eye has fetched loose, Miss Wagner, dear'—and then all of them would have to sit and wait till she jammed it in again—wrong side before, as a general thing, and green as a bird's egg, being a bashful cretur and easy sot back before company. But being wrong side before warn't much difference, anyway, becuz her own eye was sky-blue and the glass one was yaller on the front side, so whichever way she turned it it didn't match nohow. Old Miss Wagner was considerable on the borrow, she was. When she had a quilting, or Dorcas S'iety at her house she gen'ally borrowed Miss Higgins's wooden leg to stump around on; it was considerable shorter than her other pin, but much *she* minded that. She said she couldn't abide crutches when she had company, becuz they were so slow; said when she had company and things had to be done, she wanted to get up and hump herself. She was as bald as a jug, and so she used to borrow Miss Jacops's wig—Miss Jacops was the coffin-peddler's wife—a ratty old buzzard, he was, that used to go roosting around where people was sick, waiting for 'em; and there that old rip would sit all day, in the shade, on a coffin that he judged would fit the can'idate; and if it was a slow customer and kind of uncertain, he'd fetch his rations and a blanket along and sleep in the coffin nights. He was anchored out that way, in frosty weather, for about three weeks, once, before old Robbins's place, waiting for him; and after that, for as much as two years, Jacops was not on speaking terms with the old man, on account of his disapp'inting him. He got one of his feet froze, and lost money, too, becuz old Robbins took a favorable turn and got well. The next time Robbins got sick, Jacops tried to make up with him, and varnished up the same old coffin and fetched it along; but old Robbins was too many for him; he had him in, and 'peared to be powerful weak; he bought the coffin for ten dollars and Jacops was to pay it back and twenty-five more besides if Robbins didn't like the coffin after he'd tried it. And then Robbins died, and at the funeral he bursted off the lid and riz up in his shroud and told the parson to let up on the performances, becuz he could *not* stand such a coffin as that. You see he had been in a trance once before, when he was young, and he took the chances on another, cal'lating that if he made the trip it was money in his pocket, and if he missed fire he couldn't lose a cent. And, by George, he sued Jacops for the rhino and got judgement; and he set up the coffin in his back parlor and said he 'lowed to take his time, now. It was always an aggravation to Jacops, the way that miserable old thing acted. He moved back to Indiany pretty soon—went to Wellsville—Wellsville was the place the Hogadorns was from. Mighty fine family. Old Maryland stock. Old Squire Hogadorn could carry around more mixed licker, and cuss better than 'most any man I ever see. His second wife was the Widder Billings—she that was Becky Martin; her dam was Deacon Dunlap's first wife. Her oldest child, Maria, married a missionary and died in grace—et up by the savages. They et *him*, too, poor feller—biled him. It warn't the custom, so they say, but they explained to friends of his'n that went down there to bring away his things, that they'd tried missionaries every other way and never could get any good out of 'em—and so it annoyed all his relations to find out that that man's life was fooled away just out of a dern'd experiment, so to speak. But mind you, there ain't anything ever reely lost; everything that people can't understand and don't see the reason of does good if you only hold on and give it a fair shake; Prov'dence don't fire no blank ca'tridges, boys. That there missionary's substance, unbeknowns to himself, actu'ly converted every last one of them heathens that took a chance at the barbecue. Nothing ever fetched them but that. Don't tell *me* it was an accident that he was biled. There ain't no such thing as an accident. When my Uncle Lem was leaning up agin a scaffolding once, sick,

or drunk, or suthin, an Irishman w th a hod full of bricks fell on him out of the third story and broke the old man's back in two places. People say it was an accident. Much accident there was about that. He didn't know what he was there for, but he was there for a good object. If he hadn't been there the Irishman would have been killed. Nobody can ever make me believe nothing different from that. Uncle Lem's dog was there. Why didn't the Irishman fall on the dog? Becuz the dog would 'a' seen him a-coming and stood from under. That's the reason the dog warn't app'inted. A dog can't be depended on to carry out a special prov'dence. Mark my words, it was a put-up thing. Accidents don't happen, boys. Uncle Lem's dog—I wish you could 'a' seen that dog. He was a reg'lar shepherd—or ruther he was part bull and part shepherd—splendid animal; belonged to Parson Hargar before Uncle Lem got him. Parson Hagar belonged to the Western Reserve Hagars; prime family; his mother was a Watson; one of his sisters married a Wheeler; they settled in Morgan County, and he got nipped by the machinery in a carpet factory and went through in less than a quarter of a minute; his widder bought the piece of carpet that had his remains woven in, and people came a hundred mile to 'ten the funeral. There was fourteen yards in the piece. She wouldn't let them roll him up, but planted him just so—full length. The church was middling small where they preached the funeral, and they had to let one end of the coffin stick out of the window. They didn't bury him—they planted one end, and let him stand up, same as a monument. And they nailed a sign on it and put—put on—put on it—sacred to—the m-e-m-o-r-y—of fourteen y-a-r-d-s of three ply—car—pet—containing all that was—m-o-r-t-a-l—of—W-i-l-l-i-a-m—W-h-e—"

Jim Blaine had been growing gradually drowsy and drowsier—his head nodded once, twice, three times—dropped peacefully upon his breast, and he fell tranquilly asleep. The tears were running down the boys' cheeks—they were suffocating with suppressed laughter— and had been from the start, though I had never noticed. I perceived that I was "sold." I learned then that Jim Blaine's peculiarity was that whenever he reached a certain stage of intoxication, no human power could keep him from setting out, with impressive unction, to tell about a wonderful adventure which he had once had with his grandfather's old ram—and the mention of the ram in the first sentence was as far as any man had ever heard him get, concerning it. He always maundered off, interminably, from one thing to another, till his whisky got the best of him, and he fell asleep. What the thing was that happened to him and his grandfather's old ram is a dark mystery to this day, for nobody has ever yet found out.

The Tale of the Lazy People

Long ago in Colombia there were no monkeys. At that time the trees were so full of fruits and the vines so full of grapes that the people grew lazy. At last they did little but eat and sleep, being too idle even to carry away the rinds of the fruits, and much too lazy to clean their thatched houses.

It was pleasant at first, but soon winged things that bit and stung began to buzz around the fruit rinds. Flies and mosquitoes came, and worst of all, great wasps with pink heads. The people were so irritated that they moved their flimsy houses to new spots because it was less trouble than cleaning up the piles of rinds. But since they had to stay near the lake where they got their drinking water, they soon had built all around its edge and were back again at the starting place.

With so much to eat, the flies and mosquitoes soon grew lazy too, and the people could hardly shoo them away. Finally, it was clear that something must be done. But the people were too lazy to decide what that something should be.

One day, late in the afternoon when the people were still resting after the noon meal, there came to the village a queer, rather faded old man. He was ragged and torn, with rough yellow hair, and a mouth that always seemed to smile. The people paid little attention to him as he walked around the lake looking at things, and did not become really curious until he made a basket and started gathering up the fruit rinds. Then the people were tempted to question him. But it was too much trouble, so everyone went back to sleep.

The old man worked very diligently all night, but the refuse was so thick that he managed to clear only a small space, after all. In the morning, Tera, the headman, was astonished at the very thought that anyone would work all night for strangers, and he questioned the old man.

"What is your name, where do you come from, and what do you want?" Tera asked him, all three questions at once to save trouble.

"I want to work," said the old man. "I want to be told what you want done and to see that it is done."

"What is your trade?"

"I have no trade," said the old man. "I just get things done."

Then, whistling gaily, the old man went to the place he had cleared. He took flat pieces of wood and began cutting out figures like little men, except that each figure had a kind of handle that looked like a long tail. When he had whittled twenty figures for each man in the village, the old man stood up and stretched. Then, ignoring the questions of the villagers, he set the figures, alike as so many pins, in a long row and stood before them like a general.

After admiring the line for a moment, the old man made a signal with his hand, spoke a magic word, and the figures all came to life. Twenty manikins gathered around each of the village men, bowing up and down so that their wooden tails waved like pump handles.

"Since you do not like to work," the old man said to the villagers, "I have made these manikins to work for you. You must give only one job to each figure, so tell me what you want done, and I will assign them their work." The villagers thought of every job they could imagine, and, in a commanding voice, the old man called out to his manikins: "Armadillo-hunters, come forth. Come forth breadmakers, casava-gatherers, dust-collectors, goat-shearers, amusers, bakers, odd-job-doers, burden-carriers, garbage-clearers, corn-grinders, story-tellers, pot-makers, pig-tenders, cheese-makers, paraders, food-carriers, errand-runners, cow-tenders." The manikins assigned to each job scurried to group themselves together like soldiers.

So everyone was well pleased, and that day there was a great cleaning and carrying and bustling. Silently, the little figures worked, never tiring, never getting in one another's way. And all the living men had to do was rest and watch and keep their brains free for higher things.

Not two days had passed before the children came to the old man to complain that they had too much to do. What with remembering what they were told, hunting for lost objects, and a dozen other tasks, they said they had no time for play. So the old man carved many more figures—palm leaf-pickers for making fans, figures to hunt for things in the dark, private teachers who never scolded, flower-gatherers, clowns, cake-makers, game-planners, keepers of things, story-tellers and nurses to look after younger brothers and sisters, figures to make others

(continued)

obey, figures to buy things, and rememberers, singers, pie-makers, and servants.

Things seemed to go very well, and before a month passed not one thing was out of order, soiled, bent, broken, lost, misplaced, undone, unclean, or disorderly. Soon, however, the people wanted even more service and, as the wooden figures became more numerous and no figure could do more than one task, the old man had to make figures to serve the figures. Then, too, the figures learned to eat and drink, so there had to be more fruit-gatherers, more water-carriers, and more cooks. Before long, there were sixty or seventy figures for each person, and the old man was whittling new ones every day.

The lively manikins were everywhere, as thick as the flies had been among the fruit rinds. Many houses were quite cluttered with them, rushing about until it made the head swim to look at them. And those manikins who were resting or sleeping were lying on the floors, piled up in corners, or hanging from rafters by their tails.

There was so much confusion that the old man had to make a thousand or more order-keepers. These were everywhere, watchful and officious, so that the real people had to step very gingerly to avoid treading on them and annoying them.

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At last there came a day when the people grew tired of doing nothing. They said that a little help was a good thing, but this was too much of a good thing altogether. So there was a meeting, and the manikin message-and-gossip carriers were very busy, rushing here and there with their little scraps of information.

"You must let us do something," Tera finally said to the old man.

"I'm afraid there is nothing you can do," he said, "because you see, everything is done, and when everything is done, something cannot be left undone. So it is clear that there is nothing left to be done."

At this, the meeting broke up and each man went back to his hammock to think. Soon the general cry was, "We must have elbow room!"

Immediately the old man whittled ten new figures for each man, woman, and child. In voices that creaked like wooden machinery, the new figures marched about crying, "Elbow room, elbow room!" The elbow-roomers thrust and pushed the other manikins, clutching them and sometimes falling down with them. Every house became a jangling tumult of running manikins and men. Everywhere the cry was "We want elbow room!"

Soon frantic men were running out of the houses with manikins hanging on to them, beating them, pursuing them. Other manikins began throwing food and household things out of the windows. The excited children fled, too, followed by their clowns doing tricks and their story-tellers chattering stories as they ran. And everywhere the order-keepers ran about, tripping people and manikins alike in their efforts to restore order.

When that day was over, there were no people in the houses or the hammocks. All the men, women, and children, even grandmothers and grandfathers, had fled to the far side of the lake and left everything to the manikins.

The next day, the people plucked fruit for themselves, and it had never seemed sweeter. The water they carried for themselves tasted clearer and cooler than ever before. At night they were happily tired and slept well with no manikins to swing their hammocks and sing to them. In the morning, they discovered that the sunrise was wonderful to see, and they were amazed at the beautiful things they had almost forgotten—the butterflies, the shadows on the hills, the green earth and blue sky, the rippling water and bending trees. Indeed, the memory of the manikin days was like a fearful nightmare. Very lightheartedly they set to work to build new houses and make things to put in them.

In the deserted village, the elbow-roomers went on pushing the manikins who went on trying to do their jobs. Those manikins who had nothing to do became quarrelsome and mischievous. The pot-cleaners broke the pots, and the pot-makers had to make more. That meant the clay-diggers had to work harder, and they wanted more to eat. So the fruit-gatherers and cooks had to work harder. This kept the fire-makers and wood-gatherers busy, which meant more work for the food-bringers. And always the elbow-roomers rushed about in groups of ten, driving and commanding. Everywhere were the little wooden figures with their pump handle tails rushing about, busy at nothing, quarreling about nothing, fighting about nothing.

The real trouble came when the manikins started pushing and hustling the dogs and cats, the goats and hens. The animals resented it and fell upon the manikins. Seeing that, the pots and kettles joined in and ran or rolled or fell, spilling hot water over the manikins. The very embers from the fire leaped into the fray. Then the stones between which the corn had been ground began to turn by themselves, all the while growling of their hate for the corn-grinders who had tortured them every day.

Presently an elbow-roomer who was tussling with a corn-grinder stumbled between the grinding stones and was crushed to powder. In a flash, animals and pots and pans learned the trick and, in every house, manikins were pushed between the grinding stones. Then sparks began to fly and roofs caught fire and the manikins bolted here and there falling over one another and jamming in doorways.

Suddenly, there came a dazzling lightning flash and a great rain and the manikins fled to the forest for safety, and climbed the trees. There they have lived ever since, and as time went by, they grew hair and became monkeys.

But to this time, they remember all that has passed and they have no love for men. For that reason, a man who goes through the forest must look well to himself, less the vengeful manikins cast nuts and branches at his head in memory of the sorry days of the lazy people.

The Wall

Broken Wing was the son of Flying Eagle, the tribal chief. Flying Eagle had three sons and Broken Wing was the smallest. His brothers, Black Moon and Red Hawk, were not only older but much larger than he. They were old enough to help other braves with hunting in the forest and fishing at the river. This was an honor and the duty was given only to older braves. All the little braves of Broken Wing's age were looking forward to the day when they could go on these trips with their fathers. But Broken Wing knew he could never go on these trips because he was lame.

Now his father, wise Flying Eagle, had given Broken Wing a duty to perform. He was to keep the fire in the wigwam going while the hunters and fishermen were away. But this seemed like such a small duty to Broken Wing, and when he saw all the other braves go off to gather food for the tribe, he was sad. One day, just before they all were to leave on another hunting journey, Flying Eagle could not find Broken Wing. He looked and looked. Then he thought he might be gathering wood for the fire, for winter

would soon come and a larger fir would be needed to prepare the food and keep grandmother and the others warm and alive. But Broken Wing was gone. After a long time, Flying Eagle found him sitting on the bank of a creek. He was alone. As Flying Eagle watched, he saw Broken Wing toss some pebbles into the still water. He listened and he could hear Broken Wing saying, "I am no good. I can do nothing for my tribe like my father and brothers. I cannot gather food or fight our enemies; all I can do is gather sticks for the fire. It is a girl's job. Oh, how I hate my crooked foot."

Flying Eagle stepped out from his hiding place and said softly, "No Broken Wing, you do not speak the truth. you are as important to the tribe as any brave. Your duty is to tend the fire to keep us alive and warm. This is not a girl's job. It is the duty of a man, and you have been chosen for this." This didn't make Broken Wing feel better, and he was ashamed that his father had heard what he said. "Broken Wing," spoke Flying Eagle, "look at the stones you are tossing into the water. Are they all the same?"

Broken Wing looked at the handful of pebbles in his hand. "No, they aren't the same," said Broken Wing. "Good," replied his father. "Now, if you were going to shelter the fire from the wind by putting up a little wall of stones around it, which stones would you use—only the smooth ones?"

"No, father, I would use them all, for they all have a place in the wall. The smooth ones could be laid flat and the rough ones could be used to fill in the cracks."

"It is well, Broken Wing. You have answered wisely. Each stone is important in the wall you build. So, you are a stone in the tribe and you are important...and so is your duty if it is done well. But if one stone falls, your wall falls. And if you fall, our tribe will fall. Each is important."

"Let us go now, Father," said Broken Wing. The braves must be ready to go hunting, and I must gather sticks for the fire. Winter will come soon and it must be a warm fire to keep us alive and warm."

The Wise Old Man

Two young boys were always trying to put something over on the old man who lived back in the woods. Each time the wise old man proved to be smarter than they were, which caused no end of frustration. One day, one of the boys was elated as he told his friend that at last they would make a fool of the old man and prove him wrong. He said, "See this little baby bird I just found? I will hold it in my hand and ask the old man what I have. If he should happen to guess correctly, I will say...yes, but tell me, is it alive or is it dead? If he says it is dead, all I have to do is open my hand and let the bird fly away; if he says it is alive, I'll just tighten up my fist and then drop the dead critter to the ground."

The boys had a good laugh as they headed down the path to the old man's house. Boy, would they make a fool of him this time! When they arrived at the small house, they knocked on the door and waited for the man to open it. When he did, the first boy said, "Listen, old man, you think you're so smart. Tell me what I have in my hand." The old man thought very seriously for a moment, then said softly, "You have a bird, my son."

"Well, you're right about that," the boy said sarcastically, "but tell me, since you think you know so much, is the bird alive or dead?"

The wise old man thought and then looked very sad as he slowly replied, "That, my son, depends on you."

The Wolf and the Man

(We wish to thank Julia M. Seton for permission to use this story from her book, *Trail and Camp-Fire Stories*, published by Willing Publishing Company, San Gabriel, California.)

Long ago, all the animals lived in a big forest far from the haunts of man. They knew each other and how to deal with feuds among themselves, but man was little more than a tradition of some strange monster that few of them had ever seen.

One day, the Fox and the Wolf were lying on a sunny bank telling their adventures to each other. The Wolf was bragging of his strength, his speed, and his jaws. The Fox said contemptuously: "Of course, I have not got your great gifts. If it were not for a multitude of tricks that I have invented, I should stand a poor show. But I have learned that every creature has his weakness, and that weakness is my salvation. Why, even man with the far-killer is hard put to save his property when he and I have a showdown."

"Man! Who is man? What is man?" said the Wolf scornfully. "I only wish I could run across one. Are they good to eat?"

"Yes," said the Fox doubtfully. "I believe they are. But not for me. When I see a man, all I want is to get away, and go far and keep out of sight."

"Why," said the Wolf scornfully, "are they so swift?"

"No," said the Fox. "They are very slow."

"Are they strong?"

"Oh, no; not really so strong as you are, or the Bear."

"Have they sharp teeth and claws?" asked the Wolf.

"Why, no," said the Fox. "They have neither teeth now claws."

"Well, what have they to be so terrible?"

"All I know," said the Fox, "is that they have magic: magic ways of learning about you, magic ways of harming you, and magic ways of blighting you—without even touching you."

"Bah!" said the Wolf. "That's a lot of piffle! You have scared yourself with a bunch of old wives' tales. I only wish I had a chance for a try-out with one of those dreadful critters. Can you tell me where I can find one?"

"Yes," said the Fox. "I think I could find one for you. But I don't want to be in on the show-down. I will put you in touch with one, on condition that you give me a fair start so I can get clean away before things begin to happen."

"It's a bargain," said Isengrim the Wolf.

"Come on then," said Reynard the Fox.

At a long, fast trot, they set out away across the forest. They traveled all day and most of the night. Many a hill they climbed, many a stream they crossed, and early the next morning they emerged from the thick cover to an open country. From the top of a hill they had a fine view.

Then the Fox said, "You see far across the plain those curious flat, square-looking hillocks, some with stumps at one end, out of which comes what looks like mist?"

"Yes."

"Those are man dens. You see, they nest in colonies, and generally out in open sunny places. I think if we sneak along close to their nesting places, we are sure to see one of the man-things."

The Wolf was delighted. He wanted to gallop openly and noisily on to the place. But the Fox said: "Please go slow. You promised you would give me a fair start before the mix-up."

"Yes," said the Wolf. "That is so."

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So they went along cautiously, avoiding the places till they got within a short run of the man-dens. Then, by a well-worn pathway, they hid.

There was a good deal of noise, and they got glimpses of colored things in the thickets around the man-dens. "Those are the cubs playing," the Fox explained.

"It makes my mouth water," said the Wolf.

"Be quiet," said the Fox. "Look! Look! But lie low."

Along came one of the cubs walking on its hind legs and whistling like a bird.

"Is that a man?" whispered the Wolf scornfully.

"No," said the Fox. "Not yet; but in a year or two, it will grow into a man."

So the man-cub passed. The Wolf could hardly keep from expressing his scorn of it.

The two animals waited some time, and along came a much bigger man-thing. Its body color was as red as the breast of a robin. It walked on its hind legs; one of the front legs was wholly gone, and one of the hind legs so thin that it looked like a stick. The man-thing seemed weak, for it went very slowly and dodderingly along.

"Is that a man?" asked the Wolf gruffly.

"Naw," said the Fox. "That used to be a man long ago. But it was all cut to pieces with fighting other man-things. Now it is nothing but a poor has-been."

The Wolf grunted his disappointment.

After another long wait, the Fox crept up to the top of the bank; then at once dropped belly to ground and crawled back in some excitement.

"Here's one! A real one coming!" he gasped out.

And sure enough, here was a big, strong-looking, male man-thing striding along. His skin was loose in places and variously colored. He carried a big stick on one of his front feet, holding it over his shoulder. He had what looked like a cow's horn hanging by a long root about his neck. Around his body was a flat strip of bark, and in that, one or two bright shining sticks with crooks and knobs on them.

"Good," said the Wolf. And, giving a gurgle in his throat, he prepared to show off.

"Hold on," said the Fox. "You promised to wait till I was safely away."

"Don't you want to see the fun?" asked the Wolf.

"No," said the Fox. "I saw it once, and that was enough for me. All I want is a safe get-away."

"You poor, scared little simpleton," said the Wolf. "Run away if that's what you want to do."

"That's what I want to do," said the Fox. "Now, please remember your promise. Don't start anything until you see my brush disappear over that distant hill." Then away he went like the wind.

The Wolf waited scornfully in hiding. The man-thing passed by. The Wolf made full notes of his make-up. He looked in vain for teeth or claws, and could not restrain his contempt.

Meanwhile, the Fox had cleared the far hill, and the Wolf was free to act. He raced after the man-thing, and as he drew near, he let off a deep war howl.

The man whirled about—and the fight was on.

The Fox had run fast and was off by this time, but he heard some terrible roars and claps of thunger. He knew enough to get away while the gettin' was good, and for a moment deeply regretted his folly in going with the Wolf into Man-land. But the sounds ceased and soon Reynard was safe once more in the thick cover of the forest.

Late the next day, while he was resting by the ford of the river, he heard a deep groan. With the true instinct of the hunter, he crouched in silence.

Then he heard another groan; and out of the forest, down the bank, crawled his old friend, Isengrim the Wolf.

But what a sorry spectacle! Bleeding, muddy, weak, and wounded, the Wolf crawled to the margin of the water and drank, long but feebly.

Reynard at once came forward and said: "Good Isengrim, you are ill. How is it? What can I do for you?"

"Oh, Reynard," said the Wolf. "I am sick. I am near dead. Do splash my head with water."

The Fox did what he could, and when the Wolf was somewhat refreshed and a little comforted, he told the story of his encounter with the man-thing.

"After you were well away, I went after the big man-thing. He had neither teeth nor claws, and he was so slow that I could run in circles around him. But—but—he had magic. He lowered his big crooked stick from his shoulder, and pointed it right at me. And in some way, he brought thunder and lightning out of the sky. The thunderbolt singed all the hair off my head, and the hail was so fierce that it bled my nose and put out an eye. This roused me to fury, and I sprang on him."

The effort of telling the tale nearly exhausted the poor Wolf.

"Oh, more water!" he gasped. Then when he was a little revived, he went on: "Oh, Reynard, I raced round to hamstring him as we do deer, but I could not find his hamstrings. So I leaped for his throat. But—but—he pulled out one of his own ribs, and slashed me with its keen edge and its sharp point. He cut my shoulder terribly, and so far I had not hurt him.

"I summoned up all my courage for another attack. But—but—but—he made more magic. He pulled out one of the little shining sticks that were tied to him with the bark strip. He pointed it at my face, and brought down more lightning out of the sky. It was a terrible thunderbolt. It blew off one of my ears, and left a long lightning track down my track. I felt I was licked, yet I wanted to die fighting. But he swung the long stick in his front paw and knocked me over the bank down into a deep ravine.

"Just at this, I heard one of the man-cubs screaming. Now, I thought, has come the whole pack to finish me. But it was good luck for me. The man-thing seemed to think another Wolf was after his cub. He left me to save the young one, and I was just able to crawl away.

"Oh, Reynard, I am terribly sick. Do take care of me. If you get me home, I'll be your friend for life."

Here the Wolf fainted.

But Reynard nursed him well. He got him home, and at last he recovered, except that henceforth he was lacking one eye and an ear.

He had, however, learned some wisdom. And as he said to Reynard: "You were right. The man-thing is weak and slow, and has no teeth or claws. But it has magic. My strength can do nothing against that magic. Your wisdom is a better answer than my courage. I never again will face the man-thing."

Trader Jim

Ever hear of Trader Jim? Trader Jim lived in Boston in the early days. Business was slow in Boston. He heard about the big demand for American furs in Europe, so he decided to close his store and move into Indian country and trade for furs.

After several months of traveling alone he located an ideal spot of ground in Ohio for a trading post. He built his log cabin on a hill where two big rivers joined up. After many days and nights of hard work he completed his "store." He stacked his shelves with hardwares, salt, sugar, and seeds. Then he waited.

All this time he did not see a single Indian. Then finally one late afternoon he saw a fleet of canoes coming around the bend of the river. They beached far below him and ignored his presence. Dusk fell and the Indians made camp, built fires, and danced. Trader Jim waited and waited. Then he fell asleep. As the sun rose in the early morning mist, there was a loud rap on the door. A big Indian chief stood alone at the door with his arms full of furs. He counted nine furs. Trader Jim also counted and then recounted and indicated ten furs with his ten fingers. The chief, however, insisted that there were only nine furs and proceeded to select his hardwares. Trader Jim traded for the nine furs and then thrust a large sack of flour in the chief's arms for the tenth fur and pushed the chief out the door.

It wasn't but a short hour later that all the Indians in the camp came to Jim's Trading Post—their arms laden with furs. The old chief had tested Jim—Jim's reputation had been established for years to come.

Why the Catfish has a Flat Head

Once, very long ago, when the fish and the animals could talk, the chief of the catfish called a great council.

At the council he made a speech and said, "Ho, brothers! I get very tired of eating things from the mud at the bottom of the lake. I think we should have meat to eat like the wolves. Let us watch for the moose when he wades into the lake to eat the lily pads, and let us spear him and kill him for meat. He comes to eat when the sun is at the edge of the sky, so we will hide among the lilies and grasses at the edge of the lake and spear him when he comes."

The other old catfish all agreed to the plan, so the whole catfish tribe hid along the lake shore. There were the lilies and grasses grew the thickest they waited for the moose to come.

They waited a long time. At last, when the sun was at the edge of the sky, the moose came to the lake to feed. He did not go into the water for some time, but browsed along the lake shore eating the sweet grasses.

At last he waded in to get the lily pads, and the catfish chief said, "Now he is going in! I will spear him as soon as he gets out from the shore where the water is deeper."

All the catfish waited until the moose had waded out as deep as he would go. Then the catfish chief speared him in the leg, as hard as he could.

The big moose bellowed with pain and jumped around in the water. He was hurt and frightened at the same time.

"Ho!" said the big moose. "Ho! What is this? Something has speared me in the leg! Who was it speared me in the leg? Ho! I will find out who speared me."

Then the big moose stuck his head right down into the water until his eyes were beneath the surface. He could see all around the grasses and the lily stems on the bottom, and there he saw all the catfish tribe getting ready to spear him again. They were going to kill him for their meat.

This made the big moose very angry. His eyes turned red and his heart was very bad toward the catfish tribe. He bellowed his war cry and said, "Ho! Listen! Catfish has speared me in the leg! Ho! I will make war on the catfish! I will trample his tribe into the mud! Ho! Hear me! I go to war!"

The big moose began to jump up and down all over the edge of the lake and to trample on all the catfish he could find. He crushed them with his big hoofs and trampled them into the muddy bottom of the lake, shouting, "Ho! Catfish speared me in the leg! Ho! I will trample his tribe into the mud!"

He did not stop until he had trampled all the catfish he could find deep into the mud. Then he went away satisfied.

After he had gone, some of the catfish managed to wriggle out of the mud and get away. There are some catfish in all the lakes and rivers now but every one has a flat head because the big moose, jumping up and down, flattened the heads of their grandfathers. They were the very large catfish of olden times, not the little catfish like we have now.

All catfish still carry spears. They are black and flat-headed to this day. But they are so afraid of the big moose that they stay hidden in the daytime and only swim about at night, which serves them right for trying to kill the big moose long ago.

Why the Wood Duck has Red Eyes

In the time when all the animals could talk and were like people, Unk-to-mi, who was a great fairy person, was traveling along the shores of a lake. Out on the water many swans, ducks, and geese were resting and feeding.

When Unk-to-mi saw them he said to himself, "Ho! Now I shall capture plenty of meat."

He crept out of sight and gathered an armful of long grass which he tied up in a bundle and slung on his back. Then Unk-to-mi walked back along the lake shore again where all the birds could see him.

When the ducks saw him they cried out, "Ho! There goes Unk-to-mi with a bundle on his back! What is in your bundle, Unk-to-mi?"

"Bad songs are what I am carrying in my bundle," he replied, "bad songs for ducks."

"Sing for us, Unk-to-mi," said the ducks. "Sing your songs for us, for we have never heard them."

"But I tell you, these are bad songs for ducks to listen to," he said.

"Sing for us anyway, Unk-to-mi," the ducks insisted. "Sing your songs for us."

"Then build a great lodge of grass, with tight walls and only one opening, and I will sing for you," said Unk-to-mi. "But they are bad songs for ducks, I tell you again."

So all the ducks and geese and swans came to the shore and quickly built a lodge of grass in the fashion Unk-to-mi directed.

"Now gather inside," said Unk-to-mi. "All geese and ducks and swans gather here together on the inside, so I can sing for you."

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When they were all inside the lodge, Unk-to-mi said, "If I sing for you, no one must look. All must shut their eyes tight until I am done, for that is the way of the songs."

So they all shut their eyes tight and then Unk-to-mi began to sing:

"Dance with your eyes shut.
If you open your eyes they shall turn red.
Your eyes shall all be red if you open them."

All the ducks and the geese and the swans danced to the song with their eyes shut tight. Unk-to-mi danced with them, singing thus:

"I, even I, dance with my eyes shut.
I, even I, dance with you with my eyes shut."

The ducks and geese and swans sang with Unk-to-mi until the lodge was filled with a roar of noisy voices. Then Unk-to-mi opened his eyes and began to twist the necks of the fattest swans, the fattest geese and the fattest ducks, until at last he had a great pile of dead birds over in one corner of the lodge.

Then Unk-to-mi noticed a very large swan that had not come near him before. Quickly Unk-to-mi grabbed him and tried to twist his neck, as he had the others.

But the swan was stronger than the others and somehow managed to get away and to squawk very loudly.

This made the wood duck open one eye. He saw how things were going and cried out, "Ho! Unk-to-mi kills the swans! Unk-to-mi kills the geese! He kills the ducks! Ho! Unk-to-mi will destroy us all! Fly, my brothers!"

With that, all the birds that were left opened their eyes. When they saw what Unk-to-mi had been doing, they rushed the door of the lodge, knocking Unk-to-mi down. They beat him with their wings and scratched him with their toes. Then they rushed pell mell out of the lodge, leaving Unk-to-mi more dead then alive.

Enough birds got away to fill the world again, and now there are plenty of swans and geese and ducks for everybody. But ever since then the wood duck has had red eyes. Do you know why? It is because he wanted to hear Unk-to-mi's bad songs. And this shows that people should not want the things that are bad for them.

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